

ARABIAN Nights
Entertainments:
CONSISTING OF
One Thousand and One
STORIES,
TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a Bloody Vow he had made to Marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

CONTAINING

A better Account of the Cuſtoms, Manners, and Religion of the Eaſtern Nations, viz. *Tartars, Perſians, and Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS.* by *M. Galland*, of the Royal Academy; and now done into *Engliſh* from the Third Edition in *French*, Corrected and Amended.

V O L. V.

The Third Edition.

London: Printed for *Andrew Bell*, at the Croſs Keys and Bible in Cornhill, 1715.

Approbation.

I Have read this Fifth Volume
by Order of my Lord Chan-
cellor.



Paris, 14. April
1706.

FONTENELLE.

ARABIAN Nights

ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. V.

THE Taylor continued to tell the Sultan of *Casgar* the Story which he had begun : Sir, says he, the lame young Man went on thus. When I heard all that the Barber said to the *Cadis*, I sought for a Place to hide my self, and could find nothing but a great empty Trunk, in which I lay down and shut it upon me. The Barber, after he had searched every where, came into the Chamber where I was, and opening the Trunk, as soon as he saw me he took it upon his Head and carried it away. He came down a high Stair-case into a Court, which he went through very speedily, and got to the Street. While he carried me, the Trunk unhappily open'd, and I not being able to endure to be exposed to the View and Shouts of the Mob that followed us, leapt out into the Street with so much haste that I hurt my Leg, so as I have been lame ever since. I was not sensible how bad it was at first, and therefore got up

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quickly

quickly to get away from the People, who laughed at me; nay, I threw handfuls of Gold and Silver among them, and whilst they were gathering it up I made my escape by Cross-Streets and Alleys. But the cursed Barber improving the Stratagem that I had made use of to get away from the Mob, follow'd me close, crying, stay Sir, why do you run so fast? If you knew how much I am afflicted at the ill Treatment you received from the *Cadis*, you, who are so generous a Person, and to whom I and my Friends are so much obliged! Did not I tell you truly, that you would expose your Life by your obstinate refusal to let me go with you? See now what has happen'd to you by your own Fault; and if I had not resolutely followed you, to see whither you went, what would have become of you? Whither do you go then, Sir, Stay for me.

Thus the wretched Barber cried aloud in the Street; it was not enough for him to have occasion'd so great a Scandal in the Quarter of the *Cadis*, but he would have it be known through the whole Town. I was in such a rage, that I had a great Mind to have stay'd and cut his Throat, but considering that that would have perplexed me further, I chose another Course; for perceiving that his calling after me exposed me to vast numbers of People, who crouded to their Doors or Windows, or stopt in the Streets to gaze upon me, I enter'd into

* A Publik House in the Town of the Levant where Strangers lodge

a * Khan or Inn. The Chamberlain of which knew me, and finding him at the Gate, whither

ther the noise had brought him, I prayed him, for the sake of Heaven, to hinder that Madman from coming in after me. He promised to do so, and was as good as his word, but not without a great deal of trouble, for the obstinate Barber would go in in spite of him, and did not retire without calling him a thousand ill Names, and after the Chamberlain shut the Gate, The Barber continued telling the Mob what great Service he had done me. Thus I rid my self of that troublesome Fellow. After that, the Chamberlain prayed me to tell him my Adventure, which I did, and then desired him to let me have an Appartment until I were cured: But, Sir, says he, won't it be more convenient for you to go home? I will not return thither, says he, for that detestable Barber will continue plaguing me there, and I shall die of vexation to be continually teaz'd with him. Besides, after what has befallen me to day, I cannot think of staying any longer in this Town, I must go whether my ill fortune leads me; and actually, when I was cured, I took all the Money I thought necessary for my Travels, and gave the rest of my Estate among my Kindred.

Thus, Gentlemen, I left *Bagdad*, and came hither. I had ground to hope that I should not meet this pernicious Barber in a Country so far from my own, and yet I found him amongst you: Don't be surprized then at my haste to be gone, you may easily judge how unpleasant to me the sight of a Man is, who was the occasion of my lameness, and of my being reduced to the melancholy necessity of living so far from my Kindred, Friends

and Country. When he had spoke those words, the lame young Man rose up and went out ; the Master of the House conducted him to the Gate, and told him he was sorry that he had given him, tho' innocently, so great a Subject of Mortification.

When the young Man was gone, continued the Taylor, we were all astonish'd at the Story, and turning to the Barber, told him he was very much in the wrong, if what we had just now heard were true. Gentlemen, answers he, raising up his Head, which till then he had held down, my silence during the young Man's Discourse is enough to testify, that he advanced nothing that was not true : But for all that, he has said to you, I maintain that I ought to have done what I did ; I leave your selves to be Judges of it. Did not he throw himself into Danger, and could he have come off so well without my Assistance ? He was too happy to get off with a lame Leg. Did not I expose my self to a greater danger to get him out of an House, where I thought he was ill treated ? Has he any Reason to complain of me, and to give me so many bad Words ? This is what one gets by serving unthankful People. He accuses me of being a prating Fellow, which is a meer Slander ; of seven Brother's there's of us, I am he who speak the least, and have most Wit for my share, and to persuade you of it, Gentlemen, I need only to tell my own Story and theirs. Honour me, I beseech you, with your Attention.

The Story of the Barber.

IN the Reign of the Califf* *Mostanser Bilibab*, continues he, a Prince so famous for his vast Liberality towards the Poor, ten Highwaymen infested the Roads about *Bagdad*, and for

* He was raised to this Dignity in the Year of the Hegira 623. and Anno Dom. 1226. and was the 36th Califf of the Race of the Abbassides.

a long time committed unheard of Robberies and Cruelties. The Califf having notice of this, sent for the Judge of the Policy; some days before the Feast of *Bairam*, and order'd him on pain of Death to bring all the ten to him.

Scheherazade stopt here, because Day appeared, and next Night resumed her Discourse as follows.

CLXVII Night.

THE Judge of the Police, continued the Barber, used so much Diligence, and sent so many People in pursuit of the ten Robbers, that they were taken on the Day of *Bairam*. I was walking then on the Banks of the *Tygris*, and saw ten Men richly Apparell'd go into a Boat: I might have known they were Robbers, had I observed the Guards that were with them; but I look'd only to them, and thinking they were People that had a Mind to spend the Festival Day in Jollity, I enter'd the Boat with them, without saying one

word, in hopes they would allow me to be one of the Company. We went down the *Tygris*, and landed before the Califf's Palace: I had time then to consider with my self, and to find my mistake; when we came out of the Boat, we were surrounded by a new Troop of the Judge of the Police's Guard, who tied us all, and carried us before the Califf. I suffered my self to be tied as well as the rest, without speaking one word? For to what purpose should I have spoke or made any resistance? That had been the way to have been ill treated by the Guards, who would not have listen'd to me, for they are brutish Fellows that will hear no Reason; I was with the Robbers, and that was enough to make them believe me to be one.

When we came before the Califf, he ordered the ten Highway mens Heads to be Cut off immediately. The Executioner drew us up in a File within reach of his Arm, and by good fortune I was the last. He cut off the Heads of the ten Highway men, beginning at the first; and when he came to me he stopt. The Califf perceiving that the Executioner did not meddle with me, he grew angry: Did not I command thee, says he, to cut off the Heads of ten Highwaymen, and why hast thou cut off but nine? Commander of the Faithful, says he, Heaven preserve me from disobeying your Majesty's Orders; there are ten Corps upon the Ground, and as many Heads which I cut off, your Majesty may count them. When the Califf saw himself, that what the Executioner said was true, he look'd upon me with Amazement, and per:

perceiving that I had not the Face of a Highway man, says to me, Good old Man, how come you to be among those Wretches, who have deserved a thousand Deaths? I answered, Commander of the Faithful, I shall make a true Confession. This Morning I saw those ten Persons, whose Chastisement is a Proof of your Majesty's Justice, take Boat: I embark'd with them, thinking they were Men going to a Treat to celebrate this Day, which is the most remarkable in our Religion.

The Califf could not forbear laughing at my Adventure, and instead of treating me as a prating Fellow, as the lame young Man did, he admired my Discretion and constant Silence. Commander of the Faithful, said I, your Majesty need not wonder at my keeping silence, on such an Occasion, as would have made another apt to speak, I make a particular profession of holding my peace, and upon that account I have acquired the glorious Title of Silent. Thus I am called, to distinguish me from my six Brothers. This is the effect of my Philosophy; and, in a word, in this vertue consists my Glory and Happiness. I am very glad, says the Califf smiling, that they gave you a Title which you so well deserve, and know how to make such good use of. But tell me what sort of Men were your Brothers, Were they like you? By no means, said I, they were all of them more given to prating than another: And as to their Persons, there was still a greater difference betwixt them and me. The first was Hump-back'd; the second had rotten Teeth; the third had but one Eye; the

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fourth

fourth was Blind ; the fifth had his Ears cut ; and the sixth had Hair-lips. They had such Adventures as would inform you of their Characters, had I the Honour to tell them to your Majesty : And since the Califf seem'd to desire no better than that I should tell him their Stories, I went on without his Order.

The Story of the Barber's Eldest Brother.

SIR, said I, my Eldest Brother, whose Name was *Bacbouc the Hump-back*, was a Taylor by Trade : When he came out of his Apprenticeship, he hired a Shop over-against a Mill, and having but very little Business, he could scarcely maintain himself. The Miller, on the contrary, was very Wealthy, and had a very handsome Wife. One day as my Brother was at work in his Shop, he lift up his Head and saw the Miller's Wife looking out at the Window, and was charm'd with her Beauty. The Woman took no notice of him, but shut her Window, and came no more to it all that Day, while the poor Taylor did nothing but lift up his Eyes towards the Mill all Day long. He prick'd his Fingers oftner than once, and his Work that Day was not very regular. At Night, when he was to shut his Shop, he could scarce tell how to do it, because he still hoped the Miller's Wife would come to the Window once more ; but at last he was forced to shut up, and go Home to his little House, where he had but a very sorry Night. He got up betimes in the Morning, and run to his Shop, in hopes to see his Mistress again, but he was

no happier than the Day before, for the Miller's Wife did not appear at the Window above one moment all the Day, but that moment made the Taylor the most amorous Man that ever lived. The third Day he had some more ground of Satisfaction, for the Miller's Wife cast her Eyes upon him by chance, and surpriz'd him as he was gazing at her, of which she presently knew the reason. Here Day began to appear, which made the Sultaness break off her Story, and she resumed it next Night thus.

CLXVIII Night.

NO sooner, continued the Barber, did the Miller's Wife, perceive my Brother's Mind, but instead of being vexed at it, she resolved to make it her Diversion. She look'd upon him with a smiling Countenance, and my Brother look'd upon her in the same manner, but after such an odd sort, that the Miller's Wife presently shut her Window, lest her loud laughter should have made him sensible that she only ridicul'd him. Poor *Bacbouc* interpreted her Carriage to his own Advantage, and flatter'd himself that she look'd upon him with Pleasure.

The Millers Wife resolved to make sport with my Brother: She had a piece of very fine Stuff, with which she had a long time design'd to make her a Suit; she wrapt it up in a fine embroider'd Silk Handkerchief, and sent it him by a young Slave that she had, who being taught her Lesson, comes to the Taylor's Shop, and tells him, My Mistress
gives.

gives you her Service, and prays you to make her a Suit of this Stuff according to this Pattern; she changes her Cloaths often, so that her Custom will be profitable to you. My Brother doubted not but the Miller's Wife loved him, and thought that she sent him Work so soon after what had passed betwixt them, only to signify that she knew his Mind, and to confirm him that he had obtain'd her Favour. My Brother being of this Opinion, charged the Slave to tell her Mistress, that he would lay aside all Work for hers, and that the Suit should be ready next Morning. In effect, he work'd at it with so much diligence, that he finished it the same Day. Next Morning the young Slave came to see if the Suit was ready; *Bacbouc* gave it her neatly folded up, telling her, I am too much concern'd to please your Mistress to neglect her Suit; I would engage her, by my diligence, to make use of no other but my self in time to come. The young Slave went some steps as if she had intended to go away, and then coming back, whispered to my Brother, I had forgot part of my Commission, my Mistress charged me to Complement you in her Name, and to ask how you passed the Night, for her, poor Woman, she loves you so mightily, that she could not sleep. Tell her, answers my silly Brother, I have so strong a Passion for her, that these four Nights I have not slept one wink. After such a Complement from the Miller's Wife, my Brother thought she would not let him languish in expectation of her Favour.

About a quarter of an hour after, the Slave return'd to my Brother with a piece of Sattin:
My

My Mistress, says she, is very well pleased with her Suit, nothing in the World can fit her better ; and since it is very fine, she would not wear it without a new Petticoat, and she prays you to make her one, as soon as you can, of this piece of Sattin. It's enough, says *Bacbouc*, I'll do it before I leave my Shop; you shall have it in the Evening. The Miller's Wife show'd her self often at her Window, was very prodigal of her Charms, and to encourage my Brother, she made as if she took pleasure to see him work. The Petticoat was soon made, and the Slave came for it; but brought the Taylor no Money neither for the Trimming he had bought for the suit, nor for his Labour. In the mean time, this unfortunate Lover, whom they only amused, tho' he could not perceive it, had eat nothing all that Day, and was forced to borrow Money at Night to buy his Supper. Next Morning, as soon as he arrived at his Shop, the young Slave came to tell him, that the Miller wanted to speak to him. My Mistress, says she, has told him so much good of you, when she show'd him your Work, that he has a mind you should work also for him ; she does it on purpose, that the Friendship she designs to form betwixt you and him may make you succeed in what you both equally desire. My Brother was easily perswaded and went to the Mill with the Slave. The Miller received him very kindly, and shewed him a piece of Cloth, told him he wanted Shifts, bid him make twenty of that Cloth, and give him again what was over and above.

Scheherazade perceiving Day held her peace, and next Night continued the History of *Bacbouc* thus.

CLXIX Night.

MY Brother, said the Barber, had Work enough for five or six Days to make twenty Shirts for the Miller, who afterwards gave him another piece of Cloth to make him as many pair of Drawers: When they were finish'd, *Bacbouc* carried them to the Miller, who ask'd him what he must have for his Pains. My Brother, answered he, would be content with twenty Drachms of Silver. The Miller immediately called the young Slave, and bid her bring him his Weights to see if the Money was right. The Slave, who had her Lesson, look'd upon my Brother with an angry Countenance, to signify to him, that he would spoil all if he took any Money. He knew her meaning, and refused to take any, tho' he wanted it so much that he was forced to borrow Money to buy the Thread that sowed the Shirts and Drawers. When he left the Miller, he came to me to borrow Money to live on, and told me they did not pay him. I gave him some Copper Money I had in my Pocket, and upon that he subsisted for some Days. It's true, indeed, he lived, upon nothing but Broth, nor had he his fill of that.

One Day he went to the Miller, who was busie at his Work, and thinking my Brother came for Money, he offer'd him some; but the young Slave being present, made him another Sign not to take it, which he complied with, and told the Miller he did not come for his Money, but only to know how he did,

did. The Miller thank'd him, and gave him an upper Garment to make; *Bacbouc* carried it him next Day, when the Miller drew out his Purse. The young Slave gave my Brother the usual Sign, on which he said to the Miller, Neighbour, there's no haste, we will reckon another time; so that the poor Nynny went to his Shop again, with three terrible Distempers upon him, Love, Hunger, and want of Money. The Miller's Wife was not only greedy, but ill-natur'd; for not content to cheat my Brother of his Due, she provok'd her Husband to revenge himself upon him, for making Love to her; which they accomplish'd thus. The Miller invited *Bacbouc* one Night to Supper, and after having given him a very sorry Treat, says to him, Brother, it's too late for you to go home, you had best stay here all Night; and then carried him to a Place in the Mill, where there was a Bed; there he left him, and went to Bed with his Wife. About the middle of the Night, the Miller comes to my Brother, and says, Neighbour, are you asleep? My Mule is ill, and I have a great deal of Corn to grind, you will do me a mighty kindness if you will turn the Mill in her stead. *Bacbouc*, to show his good Nature, told him, He was ready to do him that piece of Service, if he would show him how. Then the Miller tied him by the middle to the Mule's place, and whipping him over the Back, bid him go, Neighbour. Ho! says my Brother, why do you beat me? It's to make you brisk, says the Miller, for without a Whip my Mule won't go. *Bacbouc* was amazed at this sort of Treatment, but he durst not complain. When
he

he had gone five or six Rounds, he would fain have rested, but the Miller gave him a dozen of sound Lashes, saying, Courage Neighbour, don't stop pray : You must go on without taking your Breath, otherwise you will spoil my Meal.

Scheherazade stopt here because she saw Day, and next Morning continued the Story thus.

CLXX Night.

THE Miller obliged my Brother, says the Barber, to turn the Mill thus all Night. About break of Day he left him without untying him, and went to his Wife's Chamber. *Bacbouc* continued there for some time, and at last the young Slave came and unty'd him. Ah, says the treacherous Wretch, how my Mistress and I bemoan'd you; We had no hand in this wicked Trick which her Husband has put upon you. Unhappy *Bacbouc* answer'd her never a word, he was so much fatigu'd with Work and Blows, but crept home to his House, resolving never to think more on the Miller's Wife.

The telling of this Story, says the Barber, made the Califf laugh. Go home, says he to me, I have order'd something to be given you instead of the good Dinner you expected. Commander of the Faithful, says I, I pray your Majesty to stay till I tell the Story of my other Brothers. The Califf having signify'd by his Silence, that he was willing to hear me, I went on thus.

The Story of the Barber's Second Brother.

MY Second Brother, who was called *Backbarah the Toothless*, going one Day through the City, met an Old Woman in an out Street. She came to him presently, and says, I want one word with you; pray stop one moment. He did so, and asked her what she would have. If you will come along with me, says she, I will bring you into a stately Palace, where you shall see a Lady as fair as the Day. She will receive you with abundance of Pleasure, and give you a Treat with excellent Wine. I need say no more to you. But is what you say true, replies my Brother? I am no lying Hussy, replies the Old Woman, I say nothing to you but what's true. But hark, I have something to ask of you. You must be Wise, you must speak but little, and you must be mighty Complaisant. *Backbarah* agreed to all this. The Old Woman went before, and he followed after. They came to the Gate of a great Palace, where there were abundance of Officers and Domesticks. Some of them would have stoppt my Brother, but no sooner did the Old Woman speak to them, but they let him pass. Then turning to my Brother, she says to him, You must remember that the young Lady I bring you to, loves good Nature and Modesty, and cannot endure to be contradicted; if you please her in that, you may be sure to obtain of her what you please. *Backbarah* thanked her for this Advice, and promised to follow it.

She

She brought him into a fine Appartment, which was a great square Building answerable to the Magnificence of the Palace. There was a Gallery round it, and a very fine Garden in the middle. The Old Woman made him sit down upon a Sopha very well trimm'd, and bid him stay a moment, till she went to tell the young Lady of his being come.

My Brother, who had never been in such a stately place before, gaz'd upon all the fine things that he saw, and judging of his good fortune by the magnificence of the Palace, he was scarcely able to contain himself for Joy. By and by he heard a great noise, occasioned by a Troop of merry Slaves, who came towards him with loud Fits of Laughter, and in the middle of them he perceived a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, who was easily known to be their Mistress by the respect they payed her. *Backbarah*, who expected private Conversation with the Lady, was extreemly surprized when he saw so much Company with her. In the mean time, the Slaves put on a grave Countenance when they drew near; and when the young Lady came up to the Sopha my Brother rose up, and made her a low Bow. She took the upper hand, pray'd him to sit down, and says to him, with a smiling Countenance, I am mighty glad to see you, and wish you all the happiness you can desire. Madam, replies *Bacbarah*, I cannot desire a greater Happiness than to be in your Company. You seem to be of a good Humour says she, and to have a Mind that we should pass the time pleasantly together.

She

She forthwith commanded a Collation to be brought, and immediately a Table was covered with several Baskets of Fruit and Confections. The Lady sat down at the Table with the Slaves and my Brother, and he being placed just over-against her, when he open'd his Mouth to eat she perceived he had no Teeth, and taking notice of it to her Slaves, she and they laughed at him heartily. *Backbarab*, from time to time, lifted up his Head to look at her, and perceiving her laugh, thought it was for joy of his Company, and flatter'd himself that she would speedily send away her Slaves, and be with him alone. She judg'd what was his Mind, and pleasing herself to flatter him in his Mistake, she gave him abundance of sweet Words, and presented him the best of every thing with her own Hand. The Treat being done, they rose from Table, when ten Slaves took Musical Instruments, and began to play and sing, and others went to dance. My Brother, to make them Sport, did likewise dance, and the Lady danced with him. After they had danced some time, they sat down to take Breath, and the young Lady calling for a Glass of Wine, look'd upon my Brother with a smiling Countenance, to signify that she was going to drink his Health. He rose up, and stood while she drank. When she had done, instead of giving back the Glass, she order'd it to be filled, and presented it to my Brother, that he might pledge her.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, broke off her Story, and continued it next Night in the following manner.

CLXXI Night.

SIR, says she to the Sultan, the Barber went on thus. My Brother took the Glass from the young Lady's Hand, which he kiss'd at the same time, and stood and drank to her, in acknowledgment of the favour she had done him. Then the young Lady made him sit down by her, and begun to Caress him. She put her Hand behind his Head, and gave him some tips, from time to time, with her Fingers: Ravish'd with those Favours, he thought himself the happiest Man in the World, and had a great mind to toy also with the Charming Lady, but durst not take that Liberty before so many Slaves, who had their Eyes upon him, and laughed at their Lady's wanton Tricks. The young Lady continued to tip him with her Fingers, but at last gave him such a sound Box on the Ear, that he grew angry at it; the Colour came in his Face, and he rose up to sit at a greater distance from such a rude Play-fellow. Then the old Woman, who brought him thither, gave him a Look, to let him know that he was in the wrong, and that he had forgot the Advice she gave him to be very Complaisant. He own'd his Fault, and in order to make amends, he went near the young Lady again, pretending that he did not go away out of any bad Humour. She drew him by the Arm, made him sit down by her again, and gave him a thousand malicious Hugs. Her Slaves came in for a part of the Diversion: One gave poor *Backbarah* a

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flap on the Nose with all her strength; another pulled him by the Ears, as if she would have plucked 'em off; and others box'd him so, as might shew they were not in jest. My Brother suffered all this with admirable Patience, affected a gay Air, and looking to the Old Woman, says to her with a forc'd smile, You told me indeed, that I should find the Lady very good, very pleasant, and very charming; I must own I am mightily oblig'd to you! All this is nothing, replies the Old Woman: Let her go on, you will see another thing by and by. Then the young Lady says to him, Brother, you are a brave Man, I am glad to find you are of so good an Humour, and so Complaisant, to bear with my little Capricio's; your Humour is exactly like mine. Madam, replied *Backbarah*, who was charm'd with this Discourse, I am no more my own Man, I am wholly yours, you may dispose of me as you please. O how you oblige me, says the Lady, by so much Submission: I am very well satisfy'd with you, and will have you to be so with me; bring him Perfume, says she, and Rose-water. Upon this, Two Slaves went out, and return'd speedily; one with a Silver Perfume-Box, with the best Wood of Aloes, with which she perfum'd him; and the other with Rose water, which she threw on his Hands and Face. My Brother was quite beside himself at this Honourable Treatment. After this Ceremony, the young Lady commanded the Slaves, who had already played on their Instruments and Sung, to renew their Concerts. They obeyed, and in the mean time the Lady called another Slave, and

and order'd her to carry my Brother with her, and do what she knew and bring him back to her again. *Backbarah*, who heard this Order, got up quickly, and going to the Old Woman, who also rose up to go along with him and the Slave, pray'd her to tell him what they were to do with him. My Mistress is only curious, reply'd the Old Woman softly; she has a Mind to see how you look in a Woman's Dress, and this Slave, who has Orders to carry you with her, has Orders to paint your Eye-brows, to cut off your Wiskers, and to dress you like a Woman. You may paint my Brows as much as you please, says my Brother, I agree to that, because I can wash it off again; but to Shave me, you know I must not allow that. How can I appear abroad again without Mustacho's. Beware of refusing what's asked of you, says the Old Woman: You will spoil your Affairs, which go on now as well as Heart can wish. The Lady loves you, and has a mind to make you happy; and will you for a nasty Whisker renounce the most delicious Favour that Man can obtain? *Backbarah* listen'd to the Old Woman, and without saying one word, went to a Chamber with the Slave, where they painted his Eye-brows with Red, Cut off his Whiskers, and went to do the like with his Beard. My Brother's Patience then began to wear out: O! says he, I will never part with my Beard. The Slave told him, that it was to no purpose to have parted with his Whiskers, if he would not also part with his Beard, which could never agree with a Woman's Dress; and she wondred, that a Man, who was upon the point

point to enjoy the finest Lady in *Bagdad*, should have any regard to his Beard. The Old Woman threatened him with the loss of the young Lady's Favour; so that at last he let them do what they would. When he was dress'd like a Woman, they brought him before the young Lady, who laughed so heartily when she saw him, that she fell backward on the Sopha where she sat. The Slaves laugh'd and clapt their Hands, so that my Brother was quite out of Countenance. The young Lady got up, and still laughing, says to him, after so much Complaisance for me, I should be very much in the wrong not to love you with all my Heart: But there's one thing more you must do for me, and that is, to dance as we do. He obeyed, and the young Lady and her Slaves danced with him, laughing as if they had been Mad. After they had danced some time with him, they all fell upon the poor Wretch, and did so box and kick him, that he fell down like one out of his Senses. The Old Woman helped him up again; and that he might not have time to think of his ill Treatment, she bid him take Courage, and whispered in his Ear, that all his Sufferings were at an end, and that he was just about to receive his Reward.

Day light beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* broke off her Story, and continued it the next Night as follows.

CLXXII Night.

THE Old Woman continued her Discourse to *Bachbarah* thus: You have only one thing

thing more to do ; and that is but a small one. You must know, that my Mistress has a Custom, when she has drunk a little, as you see she has done to day, to let no Body that she loves come near her, except they be stript to their Shirt ; and when they have done so, she takes a little Advantage of them, and sets a running before them through the Gallery, and from Chamber to Chamber, till they catch her. This is one more of her Humours : What Advantage soever she takes of you, considering your Nimbleness and Inclination to the Work, you will soon over-take her ; strip your self then to your Shirt, and undress your self without delay.

My silly Brother, says the Barber, had done too much to stick at any thing now. He undress'd himself ; and in the mean time the young Lady was stript to her Shift and Under Petticoat that she might run the more nimbly. When they were ready to run the young Lady took the Advantage of 20 Paces, and then fell a running with surprizing Swiftness : My Brother followed her as fast as he could ; the Slaves in the mean time laughing aloud and clapping their Hands. The young Lady, instead of losing ground, gained upon my Brother ; she made him run two or three times round the Gallery, and then running into a long dark Entry, got away by a Passage which she knew. *Backbarab*, who still followed her, having lost sight of her in the Entry, was obliged to slacken his Pace, because of the Darkeness of the Place : At last perceiving a Light, he run towards it, and went out a Door, which was immediately shut upon him. You may imagine that he was mightily

mightily surprized to find himself in a Street inhabited by Curriers, and they were no less surprized to see him in his Shirt, his Eyebrows painted red, and without Beard or Mustacho's: They began to clap their Hands and shout at him, and some of them run after him, and lash'd his Buttocks with pieces of Leather. Then they stoppt, and set him upon an Ass which they met by chance, and carried him through the Town expos'd to the Laughter of the People,

And to compleat his Misfortune, as he went by the House of a Justice of Peace, he would needs know the Cause of the Tumult? The Curriers told him, that they saw him come out in that Condition at the Gate of the Appartment of the Grand Vilers Lady's, which opened into their Street; upon which the Justice ordered unfortunate *Backbarah* to have 100 blows with a Cane on the Soles of his Feet, and sent him out of the Town, with Orders never to come into it again.

Thus, Commander of the Faithful, says I to the Califf *Moscanfer Billah*, I have given an Account of the Adventure of my second Brother, who did not know that our greatest Ladies divert themselves sometimes by putting such Tricks upon young People, that are so foolish to be catch'd in their Snares.

Scheherazade was obliged to stop here, because Day appeared, and next Night diverted the Sultan with the following Story.

B

CLXXXI

CLXXIII Night.

SIR, the Barber without breaking off, told the Story of his Third Brother in the following manner.

A Story of the Barber's Third Brother.

Commander of the Faithful, says he to the Califf, my Third Brother, whose Name was *Backback*, was blind ; and his ill Destiny reduced him to beg from Door to Door. He had been so long accustomed to walk through the Street alone, that he had no need of one to lead him : He had a Custom to knock at People's Doors, and not to answer till they opened to him. One Day he knock'd thus at a Door, and the Master of the House, who was alone, cryed, Who is there ? My Brother gave no Answer ; and knocked a second time : The Master of the House asked again, Who is there ? But to no purpose. My Brother did not answer ; upon which the Man of the House came down, open'd the Door, and ask'd my Brother what he wanted ? That you would give me something for Heaven's Sake, says *Backback*. You seem to be blind replied the Master of the House : Yes, to my Sorrow, says my Brother. Give me your Hand, says the Master of the House : My Brother did so, thinking he was going to give him Alms ; but he only took him by the Hand to lead him up to his Chamber : *Backback* thought he had been carrying him to Dinner

Dinner with him, as several other People had done. When they came up to the Chamber the Man loosed his Hand out of my Brother's, and sitting down, ask'd him again what he wanted? I have already told you, says *Backbac*, that I want something for God's Sake. Good Blindman, reply'd the Master of the House, all that I can do for you, is to wish that God may restore you your Sight. You might have told me that at the Door, says my Brother, and not have given me the Trouble to have come up: And why, Fool, says the Man of the House, don't you answer at first, when People ask you who is there? Why do you give any Body the trouble to come and open the Door when they speak to you? What will you do with me then, says my Brother? I tell thee again, says the Man of the House, I have nothing to give you. Help me down Stairs then, replies *Backbac*, as you helped me up. The Stairs is before you, says the Man of the House; you may go down alone if you will. My Brother went to go down, but missing a Step about the middle of the Stairs, he fell down, and hurt his Head and his Back: He got up again with a great deal of Difficulty, and complain'd heavily of the Master of the House, who laugh'd at his Fall.

As my Brother went out of the House, Two blind Men his Companions were going by, knew him by his Voice, and ask'd him what was the Matter? He told them what had happened to him, and afterwards said, I have eat nothing to day; I conjure you to go along with me to my House, that I may take some of the Money that we three have in

Common to buy me something for Supper ; the two Blind Men agreed to it, and they went Home with him.

You must know that the Master of the House, where my Brother was so ill used, was a Highway-man, and naturally cunning and malicious. He heard at his Window what *Backback* said to his Companions, and therefore came down and followed them to my Brother's House. The Blind Men being set down, *Backback* says to them, Brethren, we must shut the Door, and take care there be no Stranger with us. At this, the Highway-man was much perplex'd, but perceiving by Chance a Rope hanging down from a Beam, he catch'd hold of it, and hung by it, while the Blind Men shut the Door, and felt about the Room with their sticks. When they had done this, and sat down again in their Places, the Highway-man left his Rope and sat down softly by my Brother, who thinking himself alone with his blind Comrades, says to them, Brothers, since you have trusted me with the Money, which we all three have gathered a long time, I will show you that I am not unworthy of the Trust you repose in me. The last time we reckon'd you know we had 10000 Drachms, and that we put them into 10 Bags, I will show you that I have not touched one of them ; and having said so, he put his Hand among some old Lumber, and taking out the Bags one after another, gave them to his Comrades, saying, there they are, you may judge by their weight that they are whole, or you may tell them if you please. His Comrades answer'd, There was no need, they

they did not mistrust him ; so he opened one of the Bags, and took out 10 Drachms, and each of the other blind Men did the like.

My Brother put the Bags in their place again: After which, one of the blind Men says to him, There is no need to lay out any thing for Supper, for he had got as much Victuals from good People as would serve them all three. At the same time he took out of his Bag Bread and Cheese, and some Fruit, and putting all upon the Table they began to eat. The Highway-man who sat at my Brother's Right Hand, picked out the best, and eat with them; but whatever care he took to make no noise, *Backback* heard his Chaps going, and cry'd out immediately, *We are undone, there is a Stranger among us*; and having said so, he stretched out his Hand, and catching hold of the Highway-man by the Arm, cry'd out Thieves, fell upon him and boxed him. The other blind Men fell upon him in like manner, and the Highway-man defended himself as well as he could; and being young and vigorous, and having the advantage of his Eyes, he gave furious Blows, sometime to one, sometime to another, as he could come at them, and cried out Thieves louder than they did. The Neighbours came running at the noise, broke open the Door, and had much ado to separate the Combatants; but having at last done it, they asked the Cause of their quarrel. My Brother, who still had hold of the Highway-man, cried out, *Gentlemen, This Man that I have hold of is a Thief, and stole in with us on purpose to Rob us of the little Money we have.* The Thief, who shut his Eyes as soon as the

Neighbours came, feign'd himself also to be Blind, and cries out, *Gentlemen, he is a Lyar, I swear to you by Heaven, and by the Life of the Califf, that I am their Companion, and they refuse to give me my just share. They have all three fallen upon me, and I demand Justice.* The Neighbours would not meddle with their quarrel, but carry'd them all four before a Judge.

When they came before the Magistrate, the High-way Man, without staying to be examined, cryed out still, feigning himself to be blind, Sir, *Since you are deputed to administer Justice by the Califf, whom God prosper, I declare to you that we are equally Criminal, my three Comrades and I; but we have all engaged, upon Oath, to confess nothing except we be Bastinado'd; so that if you would know our Crime, you need only order us to be Bastinado'd, and begin with me. My Brother would have spoke, but was not allowed to do so; and the High-way Man was put under the Bastinado.*

Here *Scheherazade* stopt because it was Day, and next Night resumed her Story thus,

CLXXIV Night.

THE Robber being under the Bastinado, had the Courage to bear twenty or thirty blows. When seeming to be overcome with pain, he first opened one Eye, and then the other, and crying out for Mercy, beg'd the Judge would put a stop to the blows. The Judge perceiv'd that he look'd upon him with.

with his Eyes open, was much surprized at it, and says to him, *Rogue, what's the meaning of this Miracle?* Sir, reply'd the High-way Man, *I will discover to you an important Secret, if you will pardon me, and give me as a Pledge, that you will keep your Word, the Seal-Ring which you have on your Finger.* The Judge agreed to it, gave him his Ring, and promised him Pardon. Upon this, says, the High-way Man, *I must confess to you, Sir, that I and my three Comrades do all of us see very well: We feigned our selves to be Blind, that we might freely enter into Peoples Houses, and into Womens Apartments, where we abuse their Frailty. I must further confess to you, that by this Trick we have gained together Ten Thousand Drachms. This day I demanded of my Partners 2500 that belong'd to me as my Share, but they refused, because I told them I would leave them; and they were afraid I should Accuse them. Upon my pressing still to have my Share, they all three fell upon me, for which I Appeal to those People who brought us before you. I expect from your Justice, that you will make them deliver me the 2500 which is my Due; and if you have a mind that my Comrades should confess the Truth, you must order them three times as many blows as I have had, and you will find they will open their Eyes as well as I did.*

My Brother and the other two blind Men would have clear'd themselves of this horrid Cheat, but the Judge would not hear them: Villains, says he, Do you feign your selves Blind then, and under that pretext cheat People by begging their Charity, and abusing poor Women? He is a Cheat, cry'd my Bro-

ther, we take God to Witness that none of us can see.

All that my Brother could say was in vain, his Comrades and he received each of them 200 blows. The Judge look'd always when they should have opened their Eyes, and ascrib'd to their obstinacy what really they could not do. All the while the Highwayman said to the blind Men, *Poor Fools that you are, open your Eyes, and don't suffer your selves to be killed with Blows.* Then addressing himself to the Judge, says, *I perceive, Sir, that they will be maliciously obstinate to the last, and will never open their Eyes: They have a mind certainly to avoid the Shame of reading their own Condemnation in the face of every one that looks upon them; it were better, if you think fit, to pardon them, and to send some Person along with me for the 10000 Drachms they have hid.*

The Judge did so, gave the Highwayman 2500 Drachms, and kept the rest to himself; and as for my Brother and his two Companions, he thought he shewed them a great deal of pity by Sentencing them only to be banish'd. As soon as I heard what befel my Brother, I run after him; he told me his Misfortune, and I brought him back secretly to the Town. I could easily have justified him to the Judge, and have got the Highwayman punish'd as he deserved, but durst not attempt it, for fear of bringing my self into Trouble. Thus I finish'd the sad Adventure of my honest blind Brother. The Califf laughed at it as much as at those he had heard before, and order'd again that something should be given me; but without staying

staying for it, I begun the Story of my fourth Brother.

The Story of the Barber's 4th Brother.

ALCOUZ was the Name of my Fourth Brother, who came to lose one of his Eyes, upon an occasion that I shall acquaint your Majesty with by and by : He was a Butcher by Profession, and had a particular way of teaching Rams to fight, by which he procured the Acquaintance and Friendship of the chief Lords of the Country, who loved that Sport; and for that end kept Rams about their Houses : He had besides a very good Trade, and had his Shop always full of the best Meat, because he was very Rich, and spared no Cost for the best of every sort. One day, when he was in his Shop, an old Man with a white long beard came and bought 6 Pound of Meat of him, gave him Money for it, and went his way. My Brother thought the Money so fine, so white, and so well coined, that he put it apart by it self : The same old Man came every day for five Months together, bought a like quantity of Meat, and payed for it in the same sort of Money, which my Brother continued to lay apart by it self.

At the end of five Months *Alcouz*, having a mind to buy a parcel of Sheep, and to pay for them in this fine Money, opened his Trunk ; but instead of finding his Money, was extremely surpris'd to see nothing but a parcel of Leaves clip'd round in the Place where he had laid it : He beat his Head, and cryed out aloud, which presently brought the

Neighbours about him, who were as much surprized as he when he told them the Story. O cry'd my Brother, weeping! That this treacherous old Fellow would come now with his hypocritical Looks. He had scarce done speaking till he saw him coming at a distance, run to him, and laid Hands on him; Mufflemen, crys he, as loud as he could, help! Hear what a Cheat this wicked Fellow has put upon me; and at the same time told to a great Crowd of People, who came about him, what he had formerly told his Neighbours. When he had done, the old Man, without any Passion says to him very gravely, you would do well to let me go, and by that means make amends for the Affront you have put upon me before so many People, for fear I should put a greater Affront upon you, which I am not willing to do. How, says my Brother, What have you to say against me? I am an honest Man in my Business, and fear you nor no Body. You would have me to tell it then, says the old Man: and turning to the People, says to them; know, Good People, that this Fellow, instead of selling Mutton, as he ought to do, he sells Man's Flesh. You are a Cheat, says my Brother. No, no, says the old Man. Good People, this very Minute that I am speaking to him there's a Man with his Throat cut hung up in the Shop like a Sheep: Do any of you go thither, and see if what I say be not true.

Before my Brother had opened his Trunk he had just killed a Sheep, dress'd it, and exposed it in his Shop, according to Custom: He protested, that what the old Man said was false; but notwithstanding all his Protestations, the Mob being prejudic'd against a Man
accused

accused of such a heinous Crime, would go to see whether the Matter was true. They obliged my Brother to quit the old Man, laid hold of him, and run like mad Men to his Shop, where they saw a Man murdered and hung up, as the old Man had told them; for he was a Magician, and deceived the Eyes of all People, as he did my Brother, when he made him take Leaves instead of Money. At this Spectacle, one of those who held *Alcouz*, gave him a great Blow with his Fist, and says to him, thou wicked Villain, dost thou make us Eat Man's Flesh instead of Mutton, and at the same time the old Man gave him another blow, which beat out one of his Eyes, and every Body that could get near him beat him, and not content with that, they carried him before a Judge with the pretended Carcase of the Man to be Evidence against him. Sir, says the old Magician to the Judge, we brought you a Man, who is so barbarous as to murder People, and to sell their Flesh instead of Mutton. The Publick expects that you should punish him in an exemplary manner: The Judge heard my Brother with Patience, but would believe nothing of the Story of the Money exchanged into Leaves, called my Brother a Cheat, told him he would believe his own Eyes, and ordered him to have 500 Blows. He afterwards made him tell him where his Money was, took it all from him, and banished him for ever, after having made him ride three Days through the Town upon a Camel, exposed to the Insults of the People.

Scheherazade perceiving Day-light broke off, and next Night continued her Story, as follows.

CLXXV Night.

THE Barber went on thus: I was not at *Bagdad* when this Tragical Adventure befel my fourth brother. He retired into a remote Place, where he lay concealed till he was cured of the blows with which his back was terribly maul'd. When he was able to walk, he went by night to a certain Town, where nobody knew him; and there he took a Lodging, from whence he seldom went out; but being weary of this Life, he went to walk in one of the Suburbs, where all of a sudden he heard a great noise of Horsemen coming behind him. He was then by chance near the Gate of a great House, and fearing after what had befallen him, that those Horsemen were pursuing him, he opened the Gate in order to hide himself, and after he shut it, came into a great Court, where immediately two Servants came and took him by the Neck, and said, Heaven be praised, that you have come of your own accord to surrender your self to us; you have frighten'd us so much these three last Nights, that we could not sleep; nor would you have spared our Lives, if you could have come at us. You may very well imagine my brother was much surprized at this Complement: Good People, says he, I know not what you mean, you certainly take me for another. No, no, replied they, you and your Comrades are great Robbers. You were not content to rob our Master of all that he had, and to reduce him to beggary,

gary, but you had a mind to take his Life. Let us see a little, if you have not a Knife about you, which you had in your hand when you pursued us last Night. And having said thus they search'd him, and found he had a Knife. Ho! Ho! cry'd they, laying hold of him, and dare you say that you are not a Robber? Why, says my Brother, cannot a Man carry a Knife about him without being a Highway-man? If you will hearken to my Story, continues he, instead of having so bad an Opinion of me, you will be touched with Compassion at my Misfortunes. But far from hearkening to him, they fell upon him, trod him under foot, took away his Cloaths, and tore his Shirt. Then seeing the Scars on his Back, O Dog, say they, redoubling their blows, would you have us to believe you to be an honest Man, when your back shows us the contrary? Alas! says my Brother, my Faults must be very great, since after having been abused already so unjustly, I am abused again a second time without being more culpable.

The two Servants, no way moved with his Complaint, carried him before the Judge, who asked him how he durst be so bold as to go into their House, and pursue them with a drawn Knife? Sir, reply'd poor *Alcouz*, I am the most innocent Man in the World, and am undone if you will not be pleased to hear me patiently: No body deserves more Compassion. Sir, replies one of the Dometicks, will you listen to a Robber, who enters Peoples Houses to Plunder and Murder 'em? If you won't believe us, only look upon his own Back; and when he said so, he uncovered

uncovered my Brother's back, and shewed it to the Judge, who, without any other Information, commanded immediately to give him 100 Lashes with a Bull's Pizzle over the Shoulders, and made him afterwards be carried through the Town on a Camel, with one crying before him, *Thus are such Men punish'd as enter Peoples Houses by force.* And after having treated him thus, they banish'd him the Town, and forbid him ever to return to it again. Some People who met him after the second Misfortune, brought me word where he was, and I went and fetch'd him to Bagdad privately, and gave him all the Assistance I could. The Califf, continued the Barber, did not laugh so much at this Story as at the other. He was pleased to bewail the unfortunate *Alcouz*, and ordered something to be given me. But without giving his Servants time to obey his Orders, I continued my Discourse, and said to him, *My Sovereign Lord and Master, you see that I don't speak much: And since your Majesty has been pleas'd to do me the favour to listen to me so far, I beg you would likewise hear the Adventures of my two other Brothers: I hope they will be as diverting as those of the former. You may make a compleat History of them that won't be unworthy of your Library: I do my self the Honour then to acquaint you, that my Fifth Brother was called Alnaschar.*

Here Scheherazade broke off, and left the rest of the Story till next Morning, when she continued it thus.

CLXXVI Night.

The Story of the Barber's Fifth Brother.

Alnaschar, as long as our Father lived, was very lazy; instead of working for his Living, he used to go a begging in the Evening, and to live upon what he got next Day. Our Father died in a very old Age, and left among us 700 Drachms of Silver: We divided it equally among us, so that each of us had 100 for our Share. *Alnaschar*, who had never so much Money before in his Lifetime, was very much perplex'd to know what he should do with it. He consulted a long time with himself, and at last resolved to lay it out in Glasses, Bottles, and other Glass-work, which he bought of a great Merchant. He put all in an open Basket, and chose a very little Shop, where he sat with the Basket before him, and his Back against the Wall, expecting while some body should come and buy his Ware. In this Posture he sat with his Eyes fix'd on his Basket, and begun to rave. During which, he spoke as follows, loud enough to be heard by a neighbouring Taylor. *This Basket, says he, cost me 100 Drachms, which is all I have in the World; I shall make 200 of it by retailing my Glass, and of those 200 Drachms which I will again lay out in Glass, I shall make 400; and going on thus, I shall at last make 4000 Drachms, of 4000 I shall easily make 8000, and when I come to 10000, I will leave off selling Glass, and turn Jeweller; I will trade in*
Diamonds,

Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of precious Stones. Then when I am as rich as I can wish, I will buy a fine House, a great Estate, Slaves, Eunuch, Horses; I will keep a good House, and make a great Figure in the World; I will send for all the Musicians and Dancers of both Sexes in Town. Nor will I stop here, I will by the favour of Heaven go on till I get 100000 Drachms, and when I have got so much, I will think my self as great as a Prince, and send to demand the Grand Vizier's Daughter in Marriage, and represent to that Minister, that I have heard very much of the wonderful Beauty, Modesty, Wit, and all the other Qualities, of his Daughter. In a word, that I will give him 1000 Pieces of Gold the first Night we are married; and if the Vizier be so uncivil as to refuse his Daughter, which cannot be, I will go and take her before his Face, and carry her to my House, whether he will or no. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's Daughter, I will buy her ten young black Eunuchs, the Handsomest that can be had; I will cloath my self like a Prince, and ride upon a fine Horse, with a Saddle of fine Gold with Housings of Cloth of Gold, finely embroider'd with Diamonds and Pearls. I will march through the City attended by Slaves before and behind, and I will go to the Vizier's Palace, in the view of all sorts of People, who will all shew me a profound Reverence. When I light at the foot of the Vizier's Stair-Case, I will go up the same in the midst of my People, ranged in two Files on the Right and Left, and the Grand Vizier receiving me as his Son-in Law, shall
give

give me the Right Hand, and set me above him to do me the more Honour. If this comes to pass, as I hope it will, two of my People shall have each of them a Purse of a 1000 Pieces of Gold, which they shall carry with them. I will take one, and presenting to the Grand Vizier, I will tell him there's the 1000 Pieces that I promised the first Night of Marriage; and I will offer him the other, and say to him, There's as much more, to shew you that I am a Man of my Word, and that I am better than my Promise. After such an Action as this, all the World will speak of my Generosity. I will return to my own House in the same Pomp. My Wife shall send to Complement me by some Officer, on the Account of the Visit I made to her Father: I will Honour the Officer with a fine Robe, and send him back with a rich Present. If she think fit to send me one, I won't accept it, but dismiss the Bearer. I won't suffer her to go out of her Appartment on any Account whatever, without giving me notice: And when I have a mind to come to her Appartment, it shall be in such a manner as to make her respect me. In short, no House shall be better order'd than mine; I will be always richly clad. When I retire with my Wife in the Evening, I will sit on the upper-hand, I will affect a grave Air, without turning my Head to one side or other. I will speak little; and whilst my Wife, as beautiful as the Full Moon, stands before me in all her Ornaments, I will make as if I did not see her. Her Women about her will say to me, Our dear Lord and Master, here's your Spouse, your humble Servant before you, she expects you should

should careſs her, and is very much mortify'd that you don't ſo much as vouchſafe to look upon her; ſhe is wearied with ſtanding ſo long, bid her at leaſt ſit down. I will give no Answer to this Diſcourſe, which will increaſe their ſurprizing grief. They will lay themſelves at my Feet; and after they have done ſo a conſiderable time, begging me to relent, I will at laſt liſt up my Head, and give her a careleſs Look. Afterwards I will return to my former poſture: Then will they think that my Wife is not well enough, nor handſome enough dreſs'd, and will carry her to her Cloſet to change her Apparel. At the ſame time I will get up and put on a more magnificent Suit than before: They will return and hold the ſame Diſcourſe with me as before, and I will have the pleaſure not ſo much as to look upon my Wife, till they have prayed and intreated as long as they did at firſt. Thus I will begin on the firſt Day of Marriage, to teach her what ſhe is to expect during the reſt of her Life.

Here *Scheherazade* broke off becauſe it was Day, and next Morning reſum'd her Story as follows.

CLXXVII Night.

THE prating Barber continued the Hiſtory of his Fifth Brother thus: After the Ceremonies of the Marriage, ſays *Alnaſchar*, I will take from one of my Servants, who ſhall be about me, a Purſe of 500 Pieces of Gold, which I will give to the Tire-women, that they may leave me alone with my Spouſe; when they are gone, my Wife ſhall

go to Bed first. Then I will lie down by her with my Back towards her, and won't say one word to her all Night. The next Morning she will certainly complain of my Contempt of her, and of my Pride, to her Mother the Grand Visier's Wife, which will rejoice me at Heart. Her Mother will come to wait upon me, respectfully kiss my Hands, and say to me, Sir, for she will not dare to call me Son-in-Law, for fear of provoking me by such a familiar Style, I pray you not to disdain my Daughter, and refuse to come near her, I assure you that her chief business is to please you, and that she loves you with all her Heart. But my Mother-in-Law had as good hold her peace, I won't answer her one Word, but keep my Gravity. Then she will throw her self at my feet, kiss them and say to me, Sir, Is it possible that you can suspect my Daughter's Chastity? I assure you, I never let her go out of my sight. You are the first Man that ever saw her Face, don't mortifie her so much, do her the favour to look upon her, to speak to her, and to confirm her in her good Intentions to satisfy you in every thing. But nothing of this shall prevail with me; upon which my Mother-in-Law will take a Glass of Wine, and putting it in the Hand of her Daughter, my Wife, will say, go, present him this Glass of Wine your self; perhaps he won't be so cruel as to refuse it from so fair a Hand. My Wife will come with the Glass, and stand trembling before me; and when she finds that I don't look towards her, that I continue to disdain her, she will say to me, with Tears in her Eyes, My Heart, my dear

dear Soul, my amiable Lord, I conjure you, by the Favours which Heaven bestows upon you, to receive this Glas of Wine from the Hand of your most humble Servant ; but I won't look upon her still, nor answer her. My charming Spouse will she say, redoubling her Tears, and putting the Glas to my Mouth, I will never leave off till I prevail with you to drink ; then being fatigu'd with her Entreaties, I will dart a terrible Look at her, give her a good Box on the Cheek, and give her such a push with my Foot, as shall throw her quite off the Alcove.

My Brother was so full of those chimerical Visions, that he acted with his Foot as if she had been really before him, and by Misfortune he gave such a push to his Basket and Glasses, that they were thrown down in the Street and broke in a thousand Pieces.

A Taylor, who was his Neighbour, and heard his extravagant Discourse, fell into a great Fit of Laughter when he saw the Basket fall. O what an unworthy Fellow art thou, says he to my Brother ! Ought you not to be ashamed to abuse thus a young Spouse, who gave you no cause of Complaint ? You must be a very brutish Fellow to despise the Tears and Charms of such a beautiful Lady. Were I the Vizier, your Father-in-Law, I would order you a hundred lashes with a Bulls-Pizzle, and send you through the Town with your Character written on your Forehead. My Brother, on this fatal Accident, came to himself, and perceiving that he had brought this Misfortune upon himself, by his unsupportable Pride, he beat his Face, tore his Cloaths, and cried so loud, that the Neighbours

Neighbours came about him; and the People, who were going to their Noon Prayers, stopt to know what was the Matter. Being on a Friday, more People went to Prayers than usual; some of them took pity on *Alnaschar*, and others only laughed at his Extravagancy. In the mean time, his Vanity being dispersed, as well as his Glasses, he bitterly bewail'd his loss; and a Lady of Note passing by upon a Mule, with rich Caparisons, my Brother's Condition moved her Compassion: She asked who he was, and what was the Matter with him? They told her, that he was a poor Man, who laid out a little Money he had in buying a Basket of Glasses, and that the Basket falling, all his Glasses were broke. The Lady immediately turn'd to an Eunuch who attended her, and says to him, Give the poor Man what you have about you. The Eunuch obeyed, and put into my Brother's Hand 500 Pieces of Gold. *Alnaschar* was like to die of Joy when he received it: He gave a thousand Blessings to the Lady, and shutting up his Shop, where he had no more occasion to sit, he went to his House.

While he was making deep Reflections upon his good Luck, he heard one knock at his Door; before he open'd, he asked who it was, and knowing by the Voice that it was a Woman, he let her in. My Son, says she, I have a Favour to beg of you: The hour of Prayer is come, pray let me wash my self, that I may be fit to say my Prayers. Pray let me come into your House, and give me a Basen of Water. My Brother look'd upon her, and saw that she was a Woman well advanced in years, tho' he knew her not, he granted

granted what she requir'd, and then sat down again, being still full of his new Adventure. He put his Gold in a long strait Purse, proper to carry at his Girdle. The Old Woman in the mean time said her Prayers, and when she had done came to my Brother, and bowed to the ground twice, so low, that she touched it with her Forehead, as if she had been going to say her Prayers; then rising up, she wish'd my Brother all manner of Happiness.

The Day beginning to dawn, *Scheherazade* left off, and next Night resumed her Discourse, Personating the Barber as follows.

CLXXVIII Night.

THE old Woman then wished my Brother all sort of Happiness, and thanked him for his Civility, being meanly clad, and very humble to him. He thought she ask'd Alms, upon which he offered her two pieces of Gold. The old Woman slept back in a sort of surprize, as if my Brother had done her an injury. Heaven! says she, what is the meaning of this? Is it possible, Sir, says she, that you took me for an impudent Beggar? Did you think I came so boldly into your House to ask Alms? Take back your Money, I have no need of it, thanks to Heaven. I belong to a young Lady of this City, who is a charming Beauty and very Rich; she lets me want for nothing.

My Brother was not cunning enough to perceive the Craft of the old Woman, who only refused the two pieces of Gold that she

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might catch more. He asked her if she could not procure him the Honour to see that Lady : With all my Heart, replied she, she will be very well satisfied to marry, and to put you in Possession of her Estate by making you Master of her Person. Take up your Money and follow me. My Brother being ravished with his good luck of finding so great a Sum of Money, and almost at the same time a beautiful and rich Wife, his Eyes were shut upon all other Considerations; so that he took his 500 Pieces of Gold and followed the Old Woman; she walked before him, and he followed at a distance to the Gate of a great House, where she knocked: He came up to her just as a young Greek Slave opened the Gate: The Old Woman made him enter first, went cross a Court very well paved, and introduced him into a Hall, the Furniture of which confirm'd him in the good Opinion he had conceived of the Mistress of the House. While the Old Woman went to acquaint the Lady, he sat him down, and the Weather being hot, put off his Turbant, and laid it by him. He speedily saw the young Lady come in, whose Beauty and rich Apparel perfectly surprized him; he got up as soon as he saw her. The Lady with a smiling Countenance prayed him to sit down again, and placed her self by him; she told him she was very glad to see him; and after having spoke some engaging Words to him, says, we don't sit here at our Conveniency. Come, give me your Hand; at these Words she presented him hers, and carried him into an Inner Chamber, where she entertained him for some time: Then she left him, bidding him stay,
she

He would be with him in a Moment. He expected her ; but instead of the Lady came in a great Black Slave with a Cimiter in his hand, and looking upon my Brother with a terrible Aspect, says to him fiercely, What have you to do here? *Alnaschar* was so full of Fear at sight of the Slave, that he had no power to answer. The Black stripp'd him, carried off his Gold, and gave him several Cuts with his Cimiter. My unhappy Brother fell to the Ground, where he lay without Motion, tho' he had still the use of his Senses. The Black thinking him to be Dead, asked for Salt ; the Greek Slave brought him a Bason full : They rubb'd my Brother's Wounds with it, who had so much Command of himself, notwithstanding the intolerable Pain it put him to, that he lay still without giving any sign of Life. The Black and the Greek Slave being retired, the Old Woman, who drew my Brother into the Snare, came and dragged him by the Feet to a Trap-Door, which she opened, and threw him into a Place under ground among the Corps of several other People that had been murthered. He perceived this as soon as he came to himself; for the violence of the fall had taken away his Senses. The Salt rubb'd into his Wounds preserv'd his Life, and he recovered strength by degrees, so as he was able to walk. After two days, he opened the Trap during the Night, and finding a proper place in the Court to hide himself, continued there till break of Day, when he saw the cursed Old Woman open the Gate, and go out to seek another Prey. He stayed in the Place some time after she went out, that she might not

not see him, and then came to me for shelter when he told me all his Adventures.

In a Months time he was perfectly cured of his Wounds by Medicines that I gave him, and resolved to avenge himself of the old Woman, who had put such a barbarous Cheat upon him: To this end, he took a Bag large enough to contain 500 Pieces of Gold, and filled it with Pieces of Glass.

Here *Scheherazade* stopt till next Morning, when she went on thus.

CLXXIX Night.

MY Brother, continued the Barber, fasten'd the Bag of Glass about him, disguised himself like an Old Woman, and took a Cimeter under his Gown. One Morning he met the Old Woman walking through the Town to seek her Prey; he comes up to her, and counterfeiting a Woman's Voice, says to her, cannot you lend me a pair of Scales? I am a Woman newly come from *Persia*, have brought 500 Pieces of Gold with me, and would know if they will hold out according to your Weight. Good Woman, answers the old Hagg, you could not have applied to a properer Person: Follow me, I will bring you to my Son, who changes Money, and will weigh them himself to save you the Trouble. Let us make haste for fear he go to his Shop. My Brother followed her to the House where she carried him the first time, and the Greek Slave opened the Door.

The Old Woman carried my Brother to the Hall, where she bid him stay a Moment

till she called her Son. The pretended Son came, and proved to be the villainous Black Slave. Cursed Old Woman, says he to my Brother, rise and follow me: Having spoke thus, he went before to bring him to the Place where he designed to murder him. *Alnaschar* got up, followed him; and drawing his Cimeter, gave him such a dextrous blow behind on the Neck as cut off his Head, which he took in one Hand, and dragging the Corps with the other, threw them both into the Place under ground before mentioned. The Greek Slave, who was accustomed to the Trade, came presently with a Basen of Salt; but when she saw *Alnaschar* with the Cimeter in his Hand, and without his Veil, she laid down the Basen, and fled: But my Brother overtaking her, cut off her Head also. The wicked Old Woman came running at the Noise, and my Brother seizing her, says to her; Treacherous Wretch, don't you know me? Alas Sir! Answers she trembling, Who are you? I don't remember that ever I saw you. I am, says he, the Person to whose House you came the other Day to wash and say your Prayers. Hypocritical Hagg, says he, don't you remember it? Then she fell on her Knees to beg his Pardon; but he cut her in four Pieces.

There remained only the Lady, who knew nothing of what had passed: He sought her out, and found her in a Chamber, where she was ready to sink when she saw him: She begged her Life, which he generously granted. Madam, says he, How could you live with such wicked People, as I have so justly revenged my self upon now? I was, says she Wife to an honest Merchant; and the cursed
Old

Old Woman, whose Wickedness I did not know, used sometimes to come to see me; Madam, says she to me one day, We have a very fine Wedding at our House, which you will be pleased to see, if you give us the Honour of your Company: I was perswaded by her; put on my best Apparel, and took with me a hundred Pieces of Gold. I followed her; she brought me to this House, where the Black has kept me since by Force, and I have been Three Years here to my very great sorrow. By the Trade that that cursed Black followed, replied my Brother, he must have gathered together a vast deal of Riches. There's so much, says she, That you will be made for ever if you can carry them off: Follow me and you shall see them, says she; *Alnaschar* followed her to a Chamber, where she shewed him several Coffers full of Gold, which he beheld with Admiration; Go, says she, fetch People enough to carry it all off. My Brother needed not be bid twice; He went out and stayed only till he got Ten Men together, he brought them with him, and was much surpris'd to find the Gate open, but more when he found the Lady and the Coffers all gone; for she being more diligent than he, carried them all off: However, being resolved not to return empty handed, he carried off all the Goods he could find in the House, which was a great deal more than enough, to make up the Five Hundred Pieces of Gold he was Robb'd of: But when he went out of the House, he forgot to shut the Gate. The Neighbours, who saw my Brother and the Porters come and go, went and acquainted the Magistrate

with it ; for they look'd upon my Brother's Conduct as suspicious. *Alnaschar* slept well enough all Night: But the next Morning, when he came out of his House, he found Twenty of the Magistrate's Men, who seized him. Come along with us, said they, Our Master would speak with you. My Brother prayed them to have Patience for a moment, and offer'd them a Sum of Money to let him escape ; but instead of listening to him, they bound him and forc'd him to go along with them. They met in the Street and Old Acquaintance of my Brother's, who stopt them a while, asked them, Why they seized my Brother ? And offer'd them a considerable Sum to let him escape, and to tell the Magistrate, they could not find him ? but this would not do, so he was carried before the Magistrate.

Here *Scheherazade* left off, because she saw Day ; but resumed her Story thus, next Morning.

CLXXX Night.

WHEN the Officers brought him before the Magistrate, he ask'd him where he had the Goods, which he carried Home last Night ? Sir, replied *Alnaschar*, I am ready to tell you all the Truth ; but allow me first to have recourse to your Clemency, and to beg your promise, That nothing shall be done to me. I give it you says the Magistrate. Then my Brother told him the whole Story without disguise, from the time the old Woman came into his House to say her Prayers, to the time the

the Lady made her escape, after he had killed the Black, the *Greek Slave*, and the old Woman: And as for what he had carried to his House, he pray'd the Judge to leave him part of it, for the Five Hundred Peices of Gold that he was Robb'd of.

The Judge, without promising any thing, sent his Officers to bring off all, and having, put the Goods in his own Wardrobe, Com-manded my Brother to quit the Town immediately, and never to return; for he was afraid, if my Brother had staid in the City, he would have found some way to represent this Injustice to the Califf: In the mean time, *Alnaschar* obeyed without murmuring, and left that Town to go to another: By the way he met with Highway-men, who stript him Naked, and when the ill News was brought to me, I carried him a Suit, and brought him in secretly again to the Town, where I took the like care of him that I did of his other Brothers.

The Story of the Barber's Sixth Brother.

I Am now only to tell the Story of my Sixth Brother, called *Schacabac*, with the Hair Lips; At first he was industrious enough to improve the Hundred Drachms of Silver which fell to his share, and became very well to pass; but a Reverse of Fortune brought him to beg his Bread, which he did with a great deal of dexterity. He studied chiefly to get into Great Mens Houses by means of their Servants and Officers, that he might have access to their Masters, and obtain their Charity. One Day

as he passed by a magnificent House, whose high Gate shewed a very spacious Court, where there was a multitude of his Servants; He went to one of them and asked him to whom that House belong'd? *Good Man*, replies the Servant, *whence do you come, that you ask me such a Question? Does not all that you see make you understand that it's the*

** The Barmecides were a Noble Family of Persia, as has been said already, who settled themselves at Bagdad.*

*Palace of a * Barmecide?*

My Brother, who very well knew the Liberality and Generosity of the Barmecides, addressed himself to one of his Porters; for he had more than one, and prayed them to give him an Alms. Go in, say they, no Body hinders you, and address yourself to the Master of the House, He will send you back satisfied.

My Brother, who expected no such Civility, Thanked the Porters, and with their Permission entred the Palace, which was so large that it took him a considerable time to reach the *Barmecide's* Apartment; at last he came to a fine square Building of excellent Architecture, and entred by a Porch, through which he saw one of the finest Gardens, with Gravel Walks of several Colours, extream pleasant to the Eye: The lower Apartments, round this Square, were most of them open, and were shut only with great Curtains, to keep out the Sun, which were opened again when the Heat was over.

Such an agreeable Place struck my Brother with Admiration, and might well have done so to a Man far above his Quality. He went

on till he came into a Hall richly furnished, and adorned with Painting of Gold and Azure Foliage, where he saw a Venerable Man with a long White Beard, sitting upon the upper end of an Alcove; whence he concluded him to be the Master of the House: And in effect it was the *Barmecide* himself, who said to my Brother in a very Civil manner, That he was wellcome; and asked him what he wanted? *My Lord*, Answers my Brother, in a begging Tone, *I am a Poor Man, who stand in need of the Help of such Rich and Generous Persons as your self.* He could not have address'd himself to a fitter Person than this Lord, who had a Thousand good Qualities.

The *Barmecide* seemed to be astonish'd at my Brother's Answer, and putting both his Hands to his Stomach, as if he would rent his Cloaths for Grief, *Is it possible*, cries he, *that I am at Bagdad, and that such a Man as you is so Poor as you say, this is what must never be.* My Brother fancying that he was going to give him some singular mark of his Bounty, Bless'd him a Thousand times, and wished him all sort of Happiness. *It shall not be said*, replied the *Barmecide*, *that I will abandon you, nor will I have you to leave me.* Sir, replied my Brother, *I swear to you I have not eaten one-bis to day.* *Is that true*, replies the *Barmecide*, *That you are fasting till now? Alas for thee Poor Man, He is ready to die for Hunger; Ho, Boy*, cries he with a loud Voice, *Bring a Bason and Water presently, that we may wash our Hands.* Tho' no Boy appear'd that my Brother saw, neither with Water nor Bason, the *Barmecide* fell a rubbing his Hands, as if one

had poured Water upon them, and bid my Brother come and wash with him. *Schacabac* judg'd by that, that the *Barmecide* Lord loved to be Merry, and he himself understanding Raillery, and knowing that the Poor must be Complaisant to the Rich, if they would have any thing from them, He came forward and did as he did.

Come on, says the *Barmecide*, *bring us something to Eat, and don't let us stay for it.* When he had said so, tho' nothing was brought, he began to cut as if something had been brought him upon a Plate, and putting his Hand to his Mouth began to Chaw, and says to my Brother, *Come Friend, eat as freely as if you were at Home; come eat, you said you were like to die of Hunger, but you eat as if you had no Stomack.* Pardon me, my Lord, says *Schacabac*, who perfectly imitated what he did, *You see I lose no time, and that I do my part well enough. How like you this Bread*, says the *Barmecide*, *Don't you find it very Good? O! My Lord*, says my Brother, who saw neither Bread nor Meat, *I never eat any thing so white and so fine.* *Come eat your Belly full*, says the *Barmecide*, *I assure you the Baker Woman that Bakes me this Bread, cost me Five Hundred Pieces of Gold to purchase her.*

Here *Scheherazade* slept because it was Day, and next Night went on thus.

CLXXXI Night.

THE *Barmecide*, says the Barber, after having boasted so much of his Bread, which my Brother eat only in Idea, cries Boy bring us another Dish; and tho' no Boy appear'd, Come my good Friend, says he to my Brother, taste this new Dish, and tell me if ever you eat better Mutton and Barley-broath than this. It's admirable good, replies my Brother, and therefore you see I eat heartily. You oblige me mightily, replies the *Barmecide*; I conjure you then, by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat it all up since you like it so well. A little while after he calls for a Goose and Sweet Sawce, Vinegar, Honey, dry Raisens, Gray Pease, and dry Figs, which was brought just in the same manner as the other was; The Goose is very Fat, says the *Barmecide*, Eat only a Leg and a Wing, we must save our Stomachs, for we have abundance of other Dishes to come. He actually called for several other Dishes, of which my Brother who was ready to die of Hunger pretended to eat, but what he boasted of more than all the rest, was a Lamb sed with Pistacho Nuts, which he ordered to be brought up in the same manner that the rest were. And here's a Dish says the *Barmecide*, that you will see at no bodies Table but my own, I would have you eat your Belly full of it: Having spoke thus, he stretch'd out his Hand as if he had a piece of Lamb in it, and putting it to my Brother's Mouth, There, says he, swallow that and you will know whether I had not

Reason to boast of this Dish. My Brother thrust out his Head, open'd his Mouth, and made as if he took the Piece of Lamb and eat it with extream pleasure. I knew you would like it says the *Barmecide*. There's nothing in the World more fine replies my Brother, your Table is a most delicious thing. Come bring the Ragout presently, I fancy you will like that as well as you did the Lamb; Well, how do you relish it says the *Barmecide*? O! it's wonderful replies *Schacabac*; for here we taste all at once, Aniber, Cloves, Nutmeg, Ginger, Pepper, and the most odoriferous Herbs, and all these tastes are so well mixt, that one does not hinder, but we may perceive the other. O, how pleasant is it! Honour this Ragout, says the *Barmecide*, by eating heartily of it. Ho, Boy, cries he, bring us a new Ragout. No, my Lord, and please you, replies my Brother; for indeed I can eat no more.

Come take away then, says the *Barmecide*, and bring the Fruit.. He stay'd a moment as it were to give time to the Servants to carry away; after which, he says to my Brother, taste these Almonds, they are fresh, new gathered; both of them made as if they had peeled the Almonds, and eat them; after this, the *Barmecide* invited my Brother to eat something else. Look you, says he, there's all sorts of Fruits, Cakes, dry Sweat-meats, and Conserves, take what you like; then stretching out his Hand, as if he had reached my Brother something, Look ye, says he, there's a Lozenge very good for Digestion. *Schacabac*, made as if he eat it, and says, My Lord there's no want of Musk here. Those Lozenges, says the *Barmecide*, are made at my own House, where there

is nothing wanting to make every thing good. He still bid my Brother eat, and says to him, methinks you don't eat, as if you had been so hungry as you said when you came in. My Lord replies *Schacabac*, whose Jaws ached with moving, and having nothing to eat, I assure you I am so full that I cannot eat one bit more.

Well, then Friend, replies the *Barmecide*, We must Drink now after we have eat so well. You drink Wine my Lord, replies my Brother, but I will drink none if you please; because I am forbid it. You are too scrupulous, replies the *Barmecide*, do as I do. I'll drink then out of Complaisance, says *Schacabac*; for I see you will have nothing wanting to make your Treat Noble; but since I am not accustomed to drink Wine, I am afraid that I shall commit some Error in point of Breeding, and contrary to the respect that's due to you, and therefore I pray you once more to excuse me from drinking any Wine, I will be content with Water. No, no, says the *Barmecide*, you shall drink Wine, and at the same time he Com-manded some to be brought, in the same manner as the Meat and Fruit had been brought before. He made as if he poured out Wine, and drank first himself, and then pouring out for my Brother, presented him the Glass; Drink my Health, says he, and let's know if you think this Wine good. My Brother made as if he took the Glass, and to look if the Colour was good, and put it to his Nose to try if it had a good Flavour: Then he made a low bow to the *Barmecide* to signify that he took the Liberty to drink his Health, and making

king all the signs of a Man that drinks with Pleasure, My Lord, says he, this is very excellent Wine, but I think it is not strong enough. If you would have stronger, said the *Barmecide*, you need only speak; for I have several sorts in my Cellar. Try how you like this. Upon which, he made as if he pour'd out another Glas to himself, and then to my Brother, and did this so often, that *Schacabac* feigning to be Drunk with the Wine, took up his Hand and gave the *Barmecide* such a box on the Ear, as made him fall down; He lift up his Hand to give him another blow, but the *Barmecide* holding up his Hand to ward it off, cries to him, What are you mad? Then my Brother making as if he had come to himself again, says, my Lord, you have been so good as to admit your Slave into your House, and give him a great Treat, you should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink Wine; for I told you before Hand, that it might occasion me to come short in my respects: I am very much troubled at it, and beg you a Thousand Pardons.

Scarce had he finished these Words, when the *Barmecide*, instead of being in a Rage, fell a Laughing with all his might. It's a long time, says he, that I wanted a Man of your Character.

Here *Scheherazade* broke off, and continued her Story next Night as follows.

CLXXXII Night.

THE *Barmecide* caressed *Schacabac* mightily, and told him, I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I am willing hence forward we should be Friends, and that you take my House for your Home: You have been so Complaisant as to accommodate your self to my Humour, and have had the patience to bear the Jest out to the last; we will now eat in good earnest. When he had finished these Words, he clapt his Hands, and Commanded his Servants, who then appear'd, to cover the Table; which was speedily done, and my Brother was Treated with all these in Reality, which he eat of before in Fancy. At last they took away and brought Wine, and at the same time a number of handsome Slaves Richly Apparell'd came in and Sung some agreeable Airs, to their Musical Instruments. In a word, *Schacabac* had all the Reason of the World, to be satisfied with the *Barmecide's* Civility, and Bounty; for he Treated him as his familiar Friend, and ordered him a Suit out of his Wardrobe.

The *Barmecide* found my Brother to be a Man of so much Wit and Understanding, that in a few Days after, he trusted him with his Household and all his Affairs my Brother; acquitted himself very well in that Employment for Twenty Years, at the end of which, the Generous *Barmecide* died, and leaving no Heirs, all his Estate was confiscated to the use of the Prince: Upon which, my Brother was reduced to his first condition, and joined

a Caravan of Pilgrims going to *Mecca*, designing to accomplish that Pilgrimage upon their Charity; but by misfortune the Caravan was

Attacked and Plundered by a number of * *Beduins*, superior to that of the Pilgrims. My Brother was then taken as a Slave, by one of the *Beduins*, who put him under the *Bastinado* for several Days,

to oblige him to ransom himself. *Schacabac* protested to him, that it was all in vain. *I am your Slave*, says he, *you may dispose of me as you please; but I declare unto you, that I am extremely Poor, and not able to redeem my self.* In a word, my Brother discover'd to him all his Misfortunes, and endeavour'd to soften him with Tears; but the *Beduin* had no mercy, and being vexed to find himself disappointed of a considerable Sum, which he reckon'd he was sure of, he took his Knife and slit my Brother's Lips, to avenge himself by this Inhumanity, for the Loss he thought he had sustain'd.

The *Beduin* had a Handsome Wife, and frequently when he went on his Courses, he left my Brother alone with her, and then she used all her endeavours to comfort my Brother under the Rigour of his Slavery; she gave him tokens enough that she loved him, but he durst not yield to her Passion, for fear he should repent it, and therefore he shun'd to be alone with her, as much as she sought the opportunity to be alone with him. She had so great a custom of toying and jesting with miserable *Schacabac*, when ever she saw him,

him, that one Day she happen'd to do it in presence of her Husband; My Brother, without taking notice that he observed them, (so his Sins would have it) jested likewise with her. The *Beduin* immediately supposing that they lived together in a criminal manner, fell upon my Brother in a Rage, and after he had mangled him in a Barbarous manner, he carried him on a Camel to the top of a Desert Mountain, where he left him. The Mountain, was on the way to *Bagdad*, so that the Passengers who passed that way, gave me an account of the place where he was. I went thither speedily, where I found unfortunate *Schacabac* in a deplorable Condition; I gave him what help he stood in need of, and brought him back to the City.

This is what I told the Califf *Monstanser Billah*, adds the Barber, That Prince applauded me with new fits of Laughter. Now, says he, I cannot doubt but they justly gave you the Sirname of *Silent*. No Body can say the contrary, for certain Reasons; however, I command you to depart this Town immediately, and let me hear no more of your Discourse. I yielded to necessity, and went to Travel several Years in far Countries. I understood at last that the *Califf* was Dead, I returned to *Bagdad*, where I found not one of my Brethren alive. It was in my return to this Town, that I did the important Service to the same young Man, which you have heard. You are, however, witness of his Ingratitude, and of the Injurious manner in which he treated me, instead of testifying his acknowledgment,

ledgment, he rather chose to fly from me, and to leave his own Country. When I understood that he was not at *Bagdad*, though no body could tell me truly whither he was gone, yet I did not forbear to go and seek him. I travell'd from Province to Province a long time, and when I had given over all hopes, I met him next Day, but I did not think to find him so incensed against me.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, broke off here, and continued her discourse next Night thus.

CLXXXIII Night.

SIR, the Taylor made an end of telling the Sultan of *Casgar*, the History of the Lame Young Man, and the Barber of *Bagdad*, after that manner, I had the Honour to tell your Majesty. When the Barber, continued she, had finish'd his Story, We found that the Young Man was not to blame for calling him a great Pratler. However, we were pleased that he should stay with us and partake of the Treat which the Master of the House had prepared for us. We sat down to Table: And were merry together till Afternoon Prayers: Then all the Company parted, and I went to my Shop till it was time for me to return Home.

It was during this Interval that Hump-back came half Drunk before my Shop, where he Sung and Taber'd. I thought that by carrying him home with me, I should divert my Wife, therefore I brought him along: My Wife gave us a Dish of Fish, and I presented Hump-back with some; which he eat without taking notice

tice of a Bone. He fell down Dead before us, and after having in vain essay'd to help him in the trouble occasion'd us by such an unlucky accident, and in the fear it occasioned to us, we carried the Corps out, and dexterously lodged him with the *Jewish* Doctor; the *Jewish* Doctor, put him into the Chamber of the Purveyor, and the Purveyor carried him forth into the Street, where it was believed the Merchant had killed him. This, Sir, adds the Taylor, is what I had to say to satisfy your Majesty, who must pronounce whether we be worthy of Mercy or Wrath; Life or Death.

The Sultan of *Casgar* lookt with a contented Air, and gave the Taylor and his Comrades their Lives. I cannot but acknowlege, says he, that I am more amazed with the History of the Young Cripple, with that of the Barber, and with the Adventures of his Brothers, than with the Story of my Jester: But before I send you all four away, and before we bury Hump, I would see the Barber who is the cause that I have Pardoned you: Since he is in my Capital, it's easie to satisfy my Curiosity: At the same time he sent a Serjeant with the Taylor to go find him.

The Serjeant and the Taylor went immediately and brought the Barber, whom they presented to the Sultan: The Barber was an old Man of Ninety years, his Eye-brows and Beard were white as Snow, his Ears hanging down, and he had a very long Nose. The Sultan could not forbear Laughing when he saw him. *Silent Man*, says he to him, *I understand that you know wonderful Stories,*
Will,

Will you tell me some of them? Sir, answer'd the Barber, Let's forbear the Stories, if you please, at present. I most humbly beg your Majesty to permit me to ask what that Christian, that Jew, that Musleman, and that dead Hump-Back, who lies on the Ground, do here before your Majesty? The Sultan smiled at the Barber's Liberty, and replied, Why do you ask? Sir, replied the Barber, It concerns me to ask, that your Majesty may know I am not so great a Talker as some pretend, but a Man justly called Silent.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, held her Peace, and resumed her Discourse next Night thus.

CLXXXIV Night.

SIR, The Sultan of *Casgar* was so complaisant as to Satisfie the Barber's Curiosity. He commanded them to tell him the Story of the Hump-back, which he earnestly wished for. When the Barber heard it, he shak'd his Head, as if he would say, there was something under this which he did not understand: Truly, cries he, this is a surprising Story; but I am willing to examine Hump-back a little closely. He draws near him, sat down on the Ground, took his Head between his Knees, and after he had look'd upon him stedfastly, he fell into so great a fit of Laughter, and had so little command of himself, that he fell backwards on the Ground, without considering that he was before the Sultan of *Casgar*. As soon as he

he came to himself, It is said, cries he, and not without Reason, That no Man dies without a Cause. If ever any History deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold it's this of Hump-back.

At this, all the People look'd on the Barber as a Buffoon, or a doating old Man. Silent Man, says the Sultan, speak to me; Why do you Laugh so hard? Sir, answer'd the Barber, I swear by your Majesty's good Humour, That Hump-back is not Dead: He is yet alive, and I shall be willing to pass for a Madman, if I don't let you see it this Minute. Having said these Words, he took a Box wherein he had several Medicines, that he carried about him to make use of on occasion; and he took out a little Viol with Balsom, with which he rubb'd Hump-back's Neck a long time, then he took out of his Case a neat Iron Instrument, which he put betwixt his Teeth, and after he had opened his Mouth, he thrust down his Throat a pair of small Pinchers, with which he took out a bit of Fish and Bone, which he shewed to all the People. Immediately Hump-back Sneeze'd, Stretch'd forth his Arms and Feet, and gave several other Signs of Life.

The Sultan of *Casgar*, and those with him, who were Witnesses of this Operation, were less surpris'd to see Hump-back revive, after he had pass'd a whole Night, and great part of a Day, without giving any sign of Life, than at the Merit and Capacity of the Barber who perform'd this; and notwithstanding all his Faults, began to look upon him as a great
Per-

Person. The Sultan ravish'd with Joy and Admiration, order'd the Story of Hump-back to be writ down with that of the Barber, that the Memory of it might, as it deserv'd, be preserved for ever. Nor did he stop here, but that the Taylor, Jewish Doctor, Purveyor and Christian Merchant, might remember the Adventure which the accident of Hump-back had occasioned to them, with pleasure, He did not send them away till he had given each of them a very rich Robe, with which he caused them to be Cloathed in his presence. As for the Barber, he honoured him with a great Pension, and kept him near his Person.

Thus the Sultaneſs finiſh'd this long Train of Adventures, to which the pretended Death of Hump-back gave occasion: Then held her peace, becauſe Day appeared. Upon which her Siſter *Dinarzade* ſays to her, My Princeſs, my Sultaneſs, I am ſo much the more Charm'd with the Story, you juſt now told, becauſe it concludes with an Incident I did not expect: I verily thought Hump-back was dead. This ſurpriſe pleaſes me, ſays *Schahriar*, as much as the Adventures of the Barber's Brothers. The Story of the Lame young Man of *Bagdad*, diverted me alſo very much, replies *Dinarzade*. I am very glad of it, Dear Siſter, ſays the Sultaneſs, and ſince I have the good fortune not to tire out the Patience of the Sultan, our Lord and Maſter, if his Maſteſty will ſtill be ſo Gracious as to preſerve my Life, I ſhall have the Honour to give him an Account to Morrow of the Hiſtory of the Amours of *Aboulhaſſen Ali Ebn Becar*,

Becar and *Schemselnihar*, Favourite of the Califf *Haroun Alraschad*, which is no less worthy of your Notice, than the History of *Hump-Back*. The Sultan of the *Indies*, who was very well satisfied with the Stories that *Scheherezade* had told him hitherto, was willing to hear that History which she promised. He rose however to go to Prayers, and hold his Council, without giving any signification of his pleasure toward the Sultans.

CLXXXV Night.

Dinarzade being always careful to awake her Sister, called this Night at the ordinary Hour: My Dear Sister, says she, Day will soon appear, I earnestly beg of you to tell us some of your fine Stories. We need no other, said *Schahriar*, but that of the Amours of *Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar*, and *Schemselnihar*, the Favourite of Califf *Haroun Alraschid*. Sir says *Scheherazade*, I will satisfy your Curiosity: And began thus,

The History of Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar, and Schemselnihar, Favourite of Califf Haroun Alraschid.

IN the Reign of the Califf *Haroun Alraschid*, There was at *Bagdad*, a Druggist, called *Alboussan Ebn Thaher*, a very Rich and Handsome Man. He had more of Wit and Politeness than those of his Profession ordinarily

dinarily have : His Integrity, Sincerity and Jovial Humour, made him to be loved and sought after by all People. The *Califf*, who knew his Merit, had an entire Confidence in him. He had so great an esteem for him, that he entrusted him with the care to provide the Ladies, his Favourites, with all things they stood in need of. He chose for them their Cloaths, Furniture and Jewels, with admirable Judgment.

His good Qualities, and the Favour of the *Califf*, made the Sons of *Emirs*, and other Officers of the first Rank, to be always about him : His House was the Rendezvous of all the Nobility of the Court. But among the young Lords that went daily to visit him, there was one whom he took more Notice of than the rest, and with whom he contracted a particular Friendship, called *Aboul-hassan Ali Ebn Becar*, originally of an Ancient Royal Family of *Persia*. This Family continued at *Bagdad*; ever since the Muslemen made a Conquest of that Kingdom. Nature seemed to have taken pleasure to endue this young Prince with many of the rarest qualities of Body and Mind: His Face was so very beautiful, his Shape so fine, and his Physiognomy so engaging, that none could see him without loving him immediately. When he spoke, he expressed himself always in Terms proper and well chosen, with a new and agreeable Turn, and his Voice charm'd all that heard him; with this, He had so much Wit and Judgment, that he Thought and Spoke of all Subjects with admirable exactness. He was so Reserv'd and Modest,

Modest, that he advanced nothing till after he had taken all possible precautions, to avoid giving any ground of Suspicion, that he preferr'd his own Opinion to that of others.

Being such a Person as I have represented him, We need not wonder that *Ebn Thaber* distinguish'd him from all the other young Noblemen of the Court, most of whom had Vices contrary to his Vertues. One day, when the Prince was with *Ebn Thaber*, there came a Lady mounted on a Py-ball'd Mule, in the midst of Six Women Slaves who accompanied her on Foot, all very handsome as far as could be judg'd by their Air, and through the Veil which covered their Faces. The Lady had a Girdle of a Rose colour four Inches broad, Embroidered with Pearls and Diamonds of an Extraordinary bigness; and as for Beauty it was easie to perceive that she surpassed all her Women, as far as the full Moon does that of two Days old. She came to buy something, and when she had spoken to *Ebn Thaber*, she entred his Shop, which was very neat and large, and he received her with all the Marks of the most profound Respect, entreating her to sit down, and shewing her with his Hand the most Honourable Place.

In the mean time, the Prince of *Persia* not being willing to let such an occasion pass, to shew his Good breeding and Courtly Temper, beat up the Cushion of Cloath of Gold, for the Lady to lean on, after which he retired speedily that she might sit down, and having Saluted her by kissing the Tapestry under her Feet,

Feet, He rose and stood at the lower end of the Sopha. It being her custom to be free with *Ebn Thaher*, she lifted up her Veil, and then discover'd to the Prince of *Persia* such an extraordinary Beauty, that he was struck with it to the Heart. On the other Hand, the Lady could not contain her self from looking upon the Prince, the sight of whom had made the same Impression upon her. My Lord, says she to him, with an obliging Air, pray sit down. The Prince of *Persia* obeyed, and sat down up the edge of the Sopha. He had his Eyes constantly fix'd upon her, and swallow'd down large Draughts of the sweet Poison of Love; she quickly perceived what pass'd in his Heart, and this discovery serv'd to inflame her the more toward him. She rose up, went to *Ebn Thaher*, and after she had Whisper'd to him the cause of her coming, she asked the Name and Country of the Prince. Madam, answer'd *Ebn Thaher*, this Young Nobleman's Name is, *Aboulhassen Ali Ebn Becar*, and he is a Prince of Blood Royal.

The Lady was ravish'd to hear that the Person she already Loved so passionately was of so high a Quality: You mean certainly, says she, that he is descended of the Kings of *Persia*? Yes, Madam, replied *Ebn Thaher*, The last Kings of *Persia* were his Ancestors, and since the Conquest of that Kingdom, the Princes of his Family have always made themselves very acceptable at the Court of our Califfs. You will oblige me much, adds she, to make me acquainted with this Young Nobleman: When I send this Woman, says she, pointing at one of her Slaves, to give you notice to come and see

see me, Pray bring him with you, I shall be very glad that he see the Magnificence of my House, that he may see that Avarice does not reign at *Bagdad* among Persons of Quality: You know very well what I mean, don't fail, otherwise I will be very angry with you, and never come hither again while I live.

Ebn Thaber was a Man of too much penetration, not to perceive the Lady's mind by those words: My Princess, my Queen, reply'd he, God preserve me from ever giving you any occasion of Anger against me: I shall always make it a Law to obey your Commands. At this Answer, the Lady bowed to *Ebn Thaber* and bid him farewell; and after she had given a favourable look to the Prince of *Persia*, she Remounted her Mule and went her way.

Scheherazade stopt here, to the great Regret of the Sultan of the *Indies*, who was obliged to rise because Day appeared; She continued her Story next Night, and said to *Schahriar*.

CLXXXVI Night.

SIR, the Prince of *Persia* was so deeply in Love with the Lady, that he look'd after her as far as he could see her, and a long time after she was out of sight, he still look'd that way. *Ebn Thaber* told him, that several Persons observ'd him, and began to laugh to see him in this Posture. Alas! said the Prince to him, the World and you would have Compassion on me, if you knew that the fine Lady who is just now

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gone

gone from you, has carried with her the best part of me, and that the remaining part seeks for an opportunity to go after. Tell me, I conjure you, adds he, what cruel Lady is this, who forces People to Love her without giving them time to advise. My Lord, answers

Ebn Thaber, this is the famous * *Schemselnihar*, the Principal Favourite of the Califf our Master. She is justly so call'd, adds

the Prince, since she is more beautiful than the Sun at Noon day. That is true, replied *Ebn Thaber*, therefore the Commander of the Faithful, loves or rather adores her; he gave me express Orders to furnish her all that she asked of me, and to prevent as much as possible every thing that she can desire of me.

He spoke after this manner, to hinder him from engaging in an Amour, which could not but prove unhappy to him: But this served only to inflame him the more. I was very doubtful Charming *Schemselnihar*, cries he, I should not be allowed so much as to think of you; I perceive well however, that without hopes of being loved by you, I cannot forbear loving you; I will love you then, and bless my lot that I am Slave to an Object Fairer than the Meridian Sun.

While the Prince of Persia, was thus consecrating his Heart to Fair *Schemselnihar*, this Lady, when she came home, thought upon a way how she might see and have free Converse with him. She no sooner entred her Palace, but she sent to *Ebn Thaber*, the Woman she had shew'd him, and in whom she had put all

all her Confidence, to tell him to come and see her without delay, and to bring the Prince of *Persia* with him. The Slave came to *Ebn Thaher's* Shop while he was speaking with the Prince, and endeavouring to dissuade him, by very strong Arguments, from Loving the Califf's Favourite. When she saw them together, Gentlemen, says she to them, My Honourable Mistress, *Schemselnihar*, the Chief Favourite of the Commander of the Faithful, entreats you to come to her Palace, where she waits for you. *Ebn Thaher*, to testify his Obedience, rose up immediately without answering the Slave, and followed her, not without some reluctance. As for the Prince, he followed without reflecting upon the Danger there might be in such a Visit: The Company of *Ebn Thaher*, who had liberty, when he pleas'd, to go to the Favourite, made the Prince very easy in the matter: They followed the Slave, who went a little before them, and entered after her into the Califf's Palace, and join'd her at the Gate of *Schemselnihar's* little Palace, which was ready open. She Introduced them into a great Hall, where she prayed them to sit down.

The Prince of *Persia* thought himself in one of those delicious Palaces that are promised us in the other World: He had never seen any thing that came near the Magnificence of the Palace he was in. The Carpets, Cushions, and other Furniture of the Sopha, the Moveables, Ornaments and Architecture, were surprizingly rich and beautiful. A little

time after *Ebn Thaber* and he had sat down, a very handsome Black Slave brought them a Table covered with several very fine Dishes, the admirable smells of which made them judge of the Delicacy of the Sauce. While they were Eating, the Slave which brought them in waited upon them; She took care to invite them to Eat of what she knew to be the greatest Dainties. The other Slaves brought 'em excellent Wine after they had Eaten. When they had done, there was presented to each of them a fine Gold Bason full of Water to wash their Hands; after which they brought them a Golden Pot full of the Perfume of Aloes, with which they Perfumed their Beards and Cloaths. Odoriferous Water was not forgot, but serv'd in a Golden Vessel Enrich'd with Diamonds and Rubies, made particularly for this Use, and it was thrown upon their Hands, which they rubb'd upon their Beards and Face according to Custom, then they went to their Places; but they had scarce sat down when the Slave entreated them to arise and follow her: She open'd a Gate of the Hall where they were, and they entred into a large Saloon of a marvellous Structure. It was a Dome of the most agreeable Fashion, supported by a Hundred Pillars of Marble, white as Alabaster: The Bases and Chapiters of the Pillars were adorn'd with four footed Beasts and Birds of several sorts, Gilded. The Foot Carpet of this Noble Parlour consisted of one Piece of Cloath of Gold, Embroidered with Garlands of Roses in Red and White Silk, and the Dome being Painted
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in the same manner, after the *Arabian* form, was one of the most Charming Objects that Eye could behold: Betwixt each Column there was a little Sopha adorn'd in the same manner, and great Vessels of *China*, Chrystal, Jaspire, Jett, Porphyry, Agat, and other precious Materials Garnish'd with Gold and Jewels; the spaces betwixt the Columns were so many large Windows, with Jetts high enough for one to lean on, covered with the same sort of Stuff as the *Sopha's*, and looking out into the most delicious Garden of the World, the Walks were of little Pebles of different Colours, which resembled the Foot Carpet of the Saloon; so that looking upon the Carpet within and without, it look'd as if the Dome and the Garden with all its Ornaments, had stood upon the same Carpet. The Prospect round was thus: At the end of the Walks, there were two Canals of clear Water, of the same circular figure as the Dome, the one of which being higher than the other, emptied its Water into the lowermost in form of a Table-cloth, and curious Pots of Gilt Brass, with Flowers and Greens, were set upon the Banks of the Canals at equal distances. Those Walks lay betwixt great Plots of Ground, Planted with strait and bushy Trees, where there were a Thousand Birds which form'd a melodious Comfort, and diverted the View by their flying about, and sometimes by playing together, and at other times by Fighting in good earnest in the Air.

The Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaber* were a long time taken up in viewing the Magnificence of the Place, and testified their surprise at every thing they saw, especially the Prince, who had never seen any thing like it. *Ebn Thaber*, tho' he had been several times in that delicate Place, yet could not but observe many new Beauties. In a word, They never grew weary in admiring so many singular things, and were thus agreeably employed, when they perceived a Company of Ladies Richly Apparell'd sitting without at some distance from the Dome, each of them upon a Seat of *Indian Wood*, Inlaid with Silver Wire in Figures, with Instruments of Musick in their Hands, expecting orders to Play. They went both to the Jet which fronted the Ladies, and on the Right, they saw a great Court with a Stair up from the Garden, Encompassed with Beautiful Appartments. The Slave had left them, and being alone, they discoursed together : For you, who are a Wise Man, says the Prince of *Persia*, I doubt not but you look with a great deal of satisfaction upon all these Marks of Grandure and Power : For my part, I don't think there is any thing in the World more surprizing. But when I consider that this is the Glorious Habitation of the Lovely *Schemselnihar*, and that He is the Greatest Monarch of the Earth who keeps her here, I confess to you, that I look upon my self to be the most unfortunate of all Mankind, and that no Destiny can be more cruel than mine, to Love an Object possess'd by my Rival, and that too, in a Place,
where

where he is so Potent, that I cannot think myself sure of my Life one moment.

Scheherazade said no more that Night, because Day began to appear; but next Night continued the Story thus.

CLXXXVII Night.

SIR, *Ebn Thaher* hearing the Prince of *Perfis* speak, as I told your Majesty Yesternight, says to him, Sir I wish you could give me as good Assurance of the happy success of your Amours, as I can give you the safety of your Life: Tho' this stately Palace belongs to the Califf, who built it on purpose for *Schemselnihar*, called it, *The Palace of Eternal Pleasures*, and that it makes part of his own Palace; yet you must know, That this Lady lives here at entire Liberty: She is not besieged by Eunuchs to be Spies upon her: This is her particular House that's absolutely at her Disposal. She goes into the City when she pleases, and returns again, without asking leave of any Body, and the Califf never comes to see her, but he sends *Mesrour*, the Chief of his Eunuchs, to give her Notice, That she may be prepared to receive him: Therefore you may be easie, and give full Attention to the Consort of Mulick, which I perceive *Schemselnihar*, is preparing for you.

Just as *Ebn Thaher* had spoke these Words; The Prince of *Persia* and he, saw the Favourite's trusty Slave come and give Orders to the Ladies to begin to sing and play with the Instruments: They all began immediately to play together as a Preludium, and after they had played some time, one of them began to sing alone, and played at the same time admirably well upon her Lute, being advertised before hand upon what Subject she was to sing. The Words were so agreeable to the Prince of *Persia's* Sentiments, that he could not forbear to applaud her at the end of the Stave: Is it possible, cries he, that you have the Gift of knowing Peoples Hearts, and that your Knowledge of what is in my Mind, has occasion'd you to give us a taste of your Charming Voice by those Words? I should not express my self otherwise were I to chuse. The Lady replied nothing, but went on and sung several other Staves, with which the Prince was so much affected, that he repeated some of them with Tears in his Eyes; which discovered plain enough that he applied them to himself. When she had made an End, she and her Companions rose up and sung all together, signifying by their Words, *That the Full Moon was going to rise in all her Splendour, and that they should speedily see her Approach the Sun*; by which it was meant, that *Schemselnihar* was just a coming, and that the Prince of *Persia* should have the pleasure to see her.

And in effect, as they look'd towards the Court, They saw *Schemselnihar's* Confident coming towards them, followed by Ten Black Women,

Women, who, with much ado, carried a Throne of Massy Silver curiously wrought which they set down before them at a certain Distance; after which the Black Slaves retired behind the Trees to the Entrance of a Walk. After this came Twenty handsome Ladies Richly Apparell'd all in one Dress; They advanc'd in two Rows singing and playing upon Instruments which each of them held in her Hand, and coming near the Throne, Ten of them sat down on each side of it.

All these things kept the Prince of *Persia*, and *Ebn Thaher* in so much the greater Expectation, that they were curious to know how they would end at last: They saw come out at the same Gate from whence the Ten Black Women came, Ten other handsome Ladies very well dress'd, who halted there a few moments expecting the Favourite, who came out at last and placed her self in the midst of them.

Day light beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* was obliged to stop; but next Night pursued the Story thus.

CLXXXVIII Night...

Schemselnihax, was easily distinguish'd from the Rest, by her fine Shape, and Majestick Air, as well as by a sort of Mantle, of a very fine Stuff of Gold, and Sky-blue fasten'd to her Shoulders, over her other Apparel, which was the most Handsome, best Contriv'd, and most Magnificent that could be thought on.

The Pearls, the Rubies, and the Diamonds which adorn'd her, were in very good order ; not many in number, but well chosen, and of inestimable value : She came forward, with a Majesty resembling the Sun in its Course, amidst the Clouds, which receives his Splendor without hiding his Lustre ; and sat down upon the Silver Throne that was brought for her.

As soon as the Prince of *Persia* saw *Schemselnihar*, he could look upon nothing else. *We cease enquiring*, says he to *Ebn Thaher*, *after what we seek, when once we see it ; and there is no doubt left remaining, when once the Truth makes it self manifest.* Do you see this Charming Beauty ? She is the cause of all my suffering, which I hugg, and will never forbear blessing them, how lasting so ever they may be. At the sight of this Object I am not my own Master ; My Soul's disturb'd and rebels, and I fancy she has a Mind to leave me : Go then my Soul, I allow thee ; but let it be for the Welfare and Preservation of this weak Body. It is you, cruel *Ebn Thaher*, who are the Cause of this Disorder, you thought to do me a great Pleasure in bringing me hither, and I perceive that I am only come to compleat my Ruin. Pardon me, says he, interrupting himself, I am mistaken, I was willing to come, and can blame no Body but my self ; and at these Words broke out into Tears. I am very well pleas'd, says *Ebn Thaher*, that you do me Justice, when I told you at first, that *Schemselnihar* was the *Califf's* Chief Favourite, I did it on purpose to prevent that fatal Passion which you please your self with
en;

entertaining in your Breast. All that you see here ought to disengage you, and you are to think on nothing but of Acknowledgments, for the Honour which *Schemselnihar* was willing to do you, by ordering me to bring you with me. Call in then your wandring Reason, and put your self in a Condition to appear before her, as good breeding requires. Lo, there she comes, were the matter to begin again, I would take other measures; but since the Thing is done, I wish we may not repent it. What I have farther to say to you, is this, That Love is a Traytor, who may throw you into a Pit you will never get out of.

Ebn Thaber, had no time to say any more, because *Schemselnihar* came, and sitting down upon her Throne, saluted them both, with bowing her Head: But she fix'd her Eyes on the Prince of *Persia*, and they spoke to one another in a silent Language intermixt with Sighs; by which, in a few Moments, they spoke more than they could have done by Words in a great deal of time. The more *Schemselnihar* look'd upon the Prince, the more she found by his Looks that he was in Love with her, and being thus perswaded of his Passion, thought her self the happiest Woman in the World; at last she turn'd her Eyes from him to Command the Women who began to sing first, to come near; they got up, and whilst they advanc'd, the Black Women who came out of the Walk into which they retired, brought their Seats and set them near the Window, in the jet of the Dome.

Dome, where *Ebn Thaber*, and the Prince of *Persia* stood, and their Seats were so disposed on each side the Favourite's Throne, that they form'd a Semicircle.

The Women who were sitting before she came, took each of them their Places again, with the Permission of *Schemselnihar*, who order'd them by a Sign. That Charming Favourite chose one of those Women to sing, who after she had spent some Moments in Tuning her Lute, play'd a Song, the meaning whereof was: That Two Lovers who entirely loved one another, whose Affection was boundless, their Hearts, though in Two Bodies, were one and the same; and when any thing oppos'd their Desires, could say with Tears in their Eyes, *If we Love because we find one another Amiable, ought we to be blam'd for that? Let Destiny bear the blame.*

Schemselnihar, discovered so well by her Eyes and Gesture, that those sayings ought to be apply'd to her and the Prince of *Persia*, that he could not contain himself: He arose and came to a Balister, which he lean'd upon, and oblig'd one of the Women who came to sing, to observe him. When she was near him, Follow me, says he to her, and do me the Favour to accompany with your Lute, a Song which you shall hear forthwith. Then he Sung with an Air so Tender, and Passionate, as perfectly expressed the Violence of his Love. As soon as he had done, *Schemselnihar* following his Example, said to one of the Women, follow me likewise, and accompany

company my Voice. At the same time she sang after such a manner, as did further pierce the Heart of the Prince of *Persia*, who answered her by a new Air, as Passionate as the former.

Those Two Lovers, declared their mutual Affections by their Songs. *Schemselnihar* yielded to the force of hers; She arose from her Throne, and advanc'd towards the Door of the Hall. The Prince who knew her design, arose immediately and went towards her in all haste. They met at the Door, where they took one another by the Hand, and embrac'd with so much Passion that they Fainted: And wou'd have fallen, if the Women, who followed them, had not help'd them. They supported them, and carried them to a Sopha, where they brought them to themselves again, by throwing odoriferous Water upon their Faces, and by giving them things to smell to.

When they came to themselves, the first thing that *Schemselnihar* did, was to look about, and not seeing *Ebn Thaher*, she ask'd with a great deal of Concern, where he was? He had withdrawn out of respect, whilst her Women were applying things to recover her, and dreaded, not without reason, that some Troublesome Consequence might attend what had happen'd; but as soon as he heard *Schemselnihar* ask for him, He came forward and presented himself before her.

Here the Sultaneſs gave over till the next Morning, becauſe Day appear'd, and reſum'd the Story next Night as follows.

CLXXXIX Night.

Schemſelnihar, was very well pleaſed to ſee *Ebn Thaher*, and expreſs'd her joy in theſe Terms, Kind *Ebn Thaher*, I don't know how to make amends for the great Obligations you have put upon me; without you, I ſhould never have ſeen the Prince of *Persia*, nor have loved that which is the moſt amiable thing in the World: But you may aſſure your ſelf however, That I ſhall not die Ungrateful, and that my Acknowledgment, if poſſible, ſhall be equal to the Obligation. *Ebn Thaher* answered this Compliment by a low Bow, and wiſh'd the Favourite the Accompliſhment of all her Deſires.

Schemſelnihar, turning towards the Prince of *Persia* who ſat by her, and looking upon him with ſome ſort of Confuſion after what had paſs'd betwixt them, ſays to him, Sir, I am very well aſſur'd you love me, and how great ſoever your Love may be to me, you need not doubt but mine is as great towards you: But let's not flatter our ſelves; for though we be both agreed, yet I ſee nothing for you and me but Trouble, Impatience, and Tormenting Grief. There is no other Remedy for our Evils, but to love one another conſtantly, to refer our ſelves to

to the Disposal of Heaven, and to expect till it shall determine our Destiny. Madam, replies the Prince of *Persia*, You will do me the greatest Injustice in the World, if you doubt but one Moment of the Continuance of my Love. It is so United to my Soul, That I can justly say, it makes the best part of it, and that I shall persevere in it after Death. Pains, Torments, Obstacles, nothing shall be capable of hindering me to love you. Speaking those Words, he shed Tears in abundance, and *Schemselnihar*, was not able to restrain hers.

Ebn Thaher took this Opportunity to speak to the Favourite, Madam, says he, allow me to represent to you, that instead of breaking forth into Tears, you ought to rejoice that you are together. I understand not this Grief. What will it be when you are oblig'd to part? But what do I talk of that, We have been along while here, and you know, Madam, that it's time for us to be going. Ah! How Cruel are you, replies *Schemselnihar*? You, who knew the Cause of my Tears, Have you no Pity for my Unfortunate Condition? O! Sad Fatality, What have I done to be subject to the Severe Law of not being able to enjoy the only thing I Love?

He being perswaded that *Ebn Thaher* spoke to her only out of Friendship, did not take amiss what he said to her, but made a Right Use of it: Then she made a Sign to the Slave, her Confident, who immediately,

diately went out, and in a little time brought a Collation of Fruits upon a smrrl Silver Table; which she set down betwixt her Mistress and the Prince of *Persia*: *Schemselnihar*, took some of the best and Presented to the Prince, and Prayed him to eat it for her sake. He took it, and put that Part to his Mouth which she touched; and then he presented some to her, which she took and eat in the same manner; she did not forget to Iuvite *Ebn Thaber* to eat with them: But he thinking himself not safe in that Place, eat only out of Complaisance. After the Collation was taken away, they brought a Silver Bason with Water in a Vessel of Gold, and Wash'd together: They afterwards return'd to their Places, and then Three of the Ten Black Women, brought each of them a Cup of Rock Crystal full of Curious Wine, upon a Golden Salver; which they set down before *Schemselnihar*, the Prince of *Persia*, and *Ebn Thaber*. That they might be more Private, *Schemselnihar* kept with her only Ten Black Women, with Ten others who understood to sing, and play upon Instruments; and after she had sent away all the rest, she took up one of the Cups, and holding it in her Hand, sung some Tender Expressions, which one of her Women accompanied with her Lute. When she had done she Drank, and afterwards took up one of the other Cups, and Presented to the Prince, praying him to Drink for the Love of her, as she had Drunk for the Love of him. He receiv'd the Cup, with a Transport of Love and Joy;

Joy ; but before he Drank, he sung also a Song, which another Woman Accompanied with an Instrument ; and as he Sung, the Tears fell from his Eyes in such abundance, That he could not forbear expressing in his Song, that he knew not whether he was going to Drink the Wine she had Presented him, or his own Tears. *Schemselnihar* at last, Presented the Third Cup to *Ebn Thaber*, who thanked her for her Kindness, and got the Honour she did him.

After this, she took a Lute from one of her Women, and sung to it in such a Passionate Manner, as she seem'd to be out of her self ; the Prince of *Persia*, stood with his Eyes fix'd upon her as if he had been Enchanted. As these things pass'd, her Trusty Slave arriv'd all in a Fright, and Addressing her self to her Mistress, says, Madam, *Mesrou*, and Two other Officers, with several Eunuchs that attend them, are at the Gate ; and want to speak with you from the *Califf*. When the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaber* heard these Words, they changed Colour, and begun to Tremble, as if they had been undone : But *Schemselnihar*, who perceived it, recovered their Courage by a Smile.

Here *Scheherazade* broke off till next Day, when she resumed the Story thus.

CXC Night.

After *Schemselnihar*, had quieted the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaber's* Fears, She ordered the Slave, her Confident, to go and
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entertain *Mefrour*, and the Two other Officers, till she was in a Condition to receive them, and sent to her to bring them in. Immediately she ordered all the Windows of the Saloon to be shut, and the Painted Cloath on the side of the Garden to be let down. And after having assured the Prince, and *Ebn Thaber* that they might continue there without any Fear : She went out at the Gate leading to the Garden, and shut it upon them : But whatever Assurance she had given them of their being safe, they were desperately afraid all the while they were alone.

As soon as *Schemselnihar*, was in the Garden with the Women that had followed her, She ordered all the Seats which served the Women who played on the Instruments, to be set near the Window, where the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaber* heard them ; and having got things in Order, she sat down upon a Silver Throne : Then she sent notice by the Slave her Confident, to bring in the Chief of the Eunuchs, and his subaltern Officers with him.

They appeared, followed by Twenty Black Eunuchs all handsomely Cloathed, with Cimiters by their Sides, and Gold Belts of Four Inches broad. As soon as ever they perceived the Favourite *Schemselnibar* at a Distance, they made her a profound Reverence, which she returned them from her Throne ; when they came near she got up, and went to meet *Mefrour* who came first ; she ask'd what News he brought ? He answered, Madam, The Commander of the Faithful has sent me to signify, That he cannot live longer without seeing you, he designs to come and see you to Night, and I come before Hand to give you Notice,

Notice, that you may be ready to receive him ; He hopes, Madam, that you long as much to see him, as he is Impatient to see you.

Upon this Discourse of *Mesrour*, the Favourite *Schemselnihar* prostrated her self to the Ground, as a Mark of that Submission with which she received the Califf's Order; when she rose up again, she says, Pray tell the Commander of the Faithful, That I shall always reckon it my Glory to Execute his Majesty's Commands, and that his Slave will do her utmost to receive him with all the Respect that is due to him. At the same time she ordered the Slave, her Confident, to tell the Black Women appointed for that Service, to get the Palace ready to receive the Califf; and Dismissing the Chief of the Eunuchs, says to him, You see it requires some time to get all Things ready, therefore I pray you to take care that His Majesty may have a little Patience, that when he arrives he may not find Things out of Order.

The Chief of the Eunuchs and his Retinue being gone, *Schemselnihar* returned to the Saloon, extreamly concern'd at the Necessity she was under of sending back the Prince of *Persia* sooner than she thought to have done. She came up to him again with Tears in her Eyes, which heighten'd *Ebn Thaher's* Fear, who thought it no good Omen. Madam, says the Prince to her, I perceive you are come to tell me that we must part ; provided there be nothing more to dread, I hope Heaven will give me the Paience which is necessary to support your Absence. Alas! My Dear Heart, My Dear Soul, replies Tender Hearted *Schemselnihar*,

nihar, How happy do I think you, and how Unhappy do I think my self, when I compare your Lot with my sad Destiny! No doubt you will suffer by my Absence, but that's all, and you may Comfort your self with Hopes of seeing me again; but as for me, Just Heaven, What a Terrible Trial am I brought to! I must not only be deprived of the Sight of the only Person whom I Love; but I must be tormented with the Sight of one whom you have made hateful to me. Will not the arrival of the Califf put me in mind of your Departure? And how can I, when I am taken up with thinking on your sweet Face, entertain the Prince with that Joy which he always observ'd in my Eyes, whenever he came to see me? I shall have my mind wavering when I speak to him, and the least Complaisance which I shew to his Love, will stab me to the Heart like a Dagger: Can I relish his kind Words and Caresses? Think Prince to what Torments I shall be expos'd when I can see you no more. Her Tears and Sighs hindred her to go on, and the Prince of *Persia* would have replied to her, but his own Grief, and that of his Mistress, made him incapable of doing it.

Ebn Thaher, whose chief business was to get out of the Palace, was obliged to Comfort them, and to exhort them to have Patience. But the trusty Slave interrupted them; Madam, says she, to *Schemselnihar*, you have no time to lose, the Eunuchs begin to arrive, and you know the Califf will be here immediately. O Heaven! how Cruel is this Separation, cries the Favourite? Make haste
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says she to the Confident, carry them both to the Gallery which looks into the Garden on the one side, and to the *Tygris* on the other, and when the Night grows dark, let them out by the Back-gate, that they may retire with safety. Having spoke thus, she tenderly Embraced the Prince of *Persia*, without being able to say one Word more, and went to meet the Califf in such a Disorder as cannot well be imagined.

In the mean time the trusty Slave carried the Prince and *Ebn Thaher* to the Gallery as *Schemselnihar* had appointed, and having brought them in, left them there, and shut the Door upon them, after having assured them that they had nothing to fear, and that she would come for them when it was time.

Here *Scheherazade* broke off, and next Night pursued the Story thus.

CXCI Night.

SIR, continued she, *Schemselnihar's* trusty Slave leaving the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaher*, they forgot she had assured them that they needed not to be afraid: They search'd all the Gallery, and were seized with extream Fear, because they knew no Place where they might escape, in case the Califf or any of his Officers should happen to come there.

A great Light, which came all of a sudden from the side of the Garden through the Windows, caused them to approach to see from whence it came; it was occasioned by a Hundred Flambeaux of White Wax, carried

carried by as many young Eunuchs; these were followed by more than a Hundred others who guarded the Ladies of the Califf's Palace, Cloathed and Armed with Cimeters, in the same manner as those I spoke of before, and the Califf came after them, betwixt *Mesrour* their Captain on his Right, and *Vassif* their Second Officer on his Left Hand.

Schemselnihar waited for the Califf at the Entry of an Alley, Accompanied with Twenty Women all of surprizing Beauty, adorn'd with Neck-laces and Ear-rings of large Diamonds, and some of them had their whole Heads covered with them; they played upon their Instruments, and made a Charming Consort. The Favourite no sooner saw the Prince appear, but she advanced and prostrated her self at his Feet; and while she was doing this, the Prince of *Persia*, says she, within het self, if your sad Eyes bear witness to what I do, judge of my hard Lot; if I were humbling my self so before you, my Heart should feel no Reluctance.

The Califf was ravished to see *Schemselnihar*: Rise, Madam, says he to her, come near, I am angry that I should have deprived my self so long of the Pleasure of seeing you; as he spake thus, he took her by the Hand, and after Abundance of Tender Expressions, he went and sat down upon a Silver Throne, which *Schemselnihar* caused to be brought for him, and she sat down upon a Seat before him, and the Twenty Women made a Circle round them upon other Seats, while the Young Eunuchs who carried Flambeaux, dispersed themselves at a certain distance

stance from one another, that the Califf might enjoy the Cool of the Evening the better.

When the Califf sat down he look'd round him, and beheld with great Satisfaction a great many other Lights than those Flambeaux the young Eunuchs held; but taking notice that the Saloon was shut, was astonish'd thereat, and demanded the Reason; It was done on purpose to surprize him; for he had no sooner spoken, but the Windows were all open at once, and he saw it illuminated within and without in a much better manner than ever he had seen it before. Charming *Schemselnihar*, cries he at this sight, I understand you; you would have me to know there are as fine Nights as Days. After what I have seen, I cannot disown it.

Let us return to the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaher*, whom we left in the Gallery: *Ebn Thaher* could not enough admire all that he saw, I am not very young, says he, and I have seen great Entertainments in my time; but I don't think any thing can be seen so surprizing or Magnificent! All that's said of Enchanted Palaces does no ways come near this Prodigious Spectacle we now see. O! strange what Riches and Magnificence together.

The Prince of *Persia* was nothing at all moved with those Objects which were so pleasant to *Ebn Thaher*, he could look on nothing but *Schemselnihar*, and the Presence of the Califf threw him into an unconceivable Grief. Dear *Ebn Thaher*, says he, would to God, that I had my mind as free to admire those things as you. But alas! I am in a quite different condition, all those objects serve only to increase my torment.

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Can I see the Califf Cheek by Jowl with her that I Love, and not die of Grief? Must such a passionate Love as mine be disturb'd with so potent a Rival. O Heavens! how cruel and strange is my destiny! It's but a moment since I esteem'd my self the most fortunate Lover in the World, and at this instant I feel my Heart so struck that it's like to kill me. I cannot resist it, my Dear *Ebn Thaber*, my Patience is at an end, my Distemper overwhelms me, and my Courage fails. While he was speaking those Words, he saw something pass in the Garden, which obliged him to keep silence, and to turn all his attention that way.

The Califf had order'd one of the Women who was near him to play upon her Lute, and she began to sing; the Words that she sung were very passionate, and the Califf was persuaded that she sung thus by order of *Schemselnihar*, who had frequently entertain'd him with the like testimonies of her Affection, therefore he interpreted all in his own favour: But this was not now *Schemselnihar's* meaning, she applied it to her Dear *Ali Ebn Becar*, and was so sensibly touched with grief, to have before her an Object whose presence she could no longer enjoy, that she fainted and fell backwards upon her Seat, which having no Arms to support her, she must have fell down, had not some of the Women helped her in time; after which they took her up, and carried her into the *Saloon*.

Ebn Thaber, who was in the Gallery, being surpris'd at this accident, turned towards the Prince of *Persia*, but instead of seeing him stand and look thro' the Window as before, he was extreamly amazed to see him fallen down at his Feet, and without motion. He jugded it
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to proceed from the violence of that Prince's Love to *Schemselnihar*, and admired the strange effect of sympathy, which put him into a mortal fear, because of the place they were in, in the mean time he did all he could to recover the Prince, but in vain. *Ebn Thaber* was in this perplexity, when *Schemselnihar's* Confident open'd the Gallery Door, and came in out of breath, as one who knew not where she was. Come speedily, cries she, that I may let you out, all is in Confusion here, and I fear this will be the last of our Days. Ah! how would you have us to go, replies *Ebn Thaber* with a mournful voice, come near I pray you, and see what a condition the Prince of *Persia* is in. When the Slave saw him in a Swoon, she ran for Water in all haste and returned in an instant.

At last the Prince of *Persia*, after they had thrown Water on his Face, recovered his Spirits. Prince, says *Ebn Thaber* to him, we run the risque of being destroyed if we stay here any longer, let us therefore endeavour to save our Lives. He was so feeble that he could not rise alone, *Ebn Thaber* and the Confident lent him their Hands, and supported him on each side. They came to a little Iron Gate which opens towards the *Tigris*, went out at it, and came to the side of a little Canal which has a Communication with the River. The Confident clapp'd her Hands, and immediately a little Boat appear'd and came towards them with one Rower. *Ali Ebn Becar* and his Comrade went aboard, and the trusty Slave stayed at the side of the Canal. As soon as the Prince sat down in the Boat, he stretched one Hand towards the Palace, and laid his other upon his Heart: Dear Object of my Soul, cries he with

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a feeble voice, receive my Faith with this Hand, while I assure you with the other that my Heart shall for ever preserve the Fire with which it burns for you.

Here *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, held her peace, and next Night resum'd her Story thus.

CXCII Night.

IN the mean time the Boat-man rowed with all his might, and *Schemselnihar*'s trusty Slave accompanied the Prince of *Persia* and *Ebn Thaher*, walking along the side of the Canal, until they came to the *Tygris*, and when she could go no further, she took her farewell of them and returned.

The Prince of *Persia* continued very feeble, *Ebn Thaher* comforted him and exhorted him to take Courage. Consider, says he to him, that when we are landed, we have a great way to go before we come to my House, and I would not advise you to go to your Lodgings, which are a great deal farther than mine, at this Hour, and in this Condition. At last they went out of the Boat, but the Prince had so little strength that he could not walk, which put *Ebn Thaher* into great perplexity. He remembered he had a Friend in the Neighbourhood, and carried the Prince thither with great difficulty. His Friend received them very chearfully, and when he made them sit down, he asked them where they had been so late. *Ebn Thaher* answered him, I was this Evening with a Man who owed me a considerable Sum of Money, and design'd to go a long Voyage. I was unwilling to lose time to find him,

him, and by the way I met with this young Nobleman whom you see, and to whom I am under a thousand obligations, for knowing my Debtor, he would needs do me the favour to go along with me. We had a great deal of trouble to bring that Man to Reason. Besides we went out of our way, and that's the reason we are so late. In our return home, this good Lord for whom I have all possible respect, was attacked by a sudden Distemper, which made me take the liberty to call at your House, flattering my self that you would be pleased to to give us Quarters for this Night.

Ebn Thaber's Friend took all this for Truth, told them they were welcome, and offered the Prince of *Persia*, whom he knew not, all the assistance he could desire; but *Ebn Thaber* spoke for the Prince, and said, That his Distemper was of that nature as required nothing but Rest. His Friend understood by this that they desired to go to Bed. Upon which he conducted them to an Appartment where he left them.

Tho' the Prince of *Persia* slept, he had troublesome Dreams, which represented *Schemsel-nihar* in a Swoon at the Califf's Feet, and increased his Affliction. *Ebn Thaber* was very impatient to be at Home, and doubted not but his Family was in great trouble, because he never used to lie abroad. He rose, and departed early in the Morning, after he had taken leave of his Friend, who rose at break of Day to say his Prayers. At last he came home, and the first thing the Prince of *Persia* did, who had walked so far with much trouble, was to lie down upon a Sopha, as weary as if he had gone a long Journey. Being not in a

condition to go home, *Ebn Thaher* ordered a Chamber to be made ready for him, and sent to acquaint his Friends with his Condition, and where he was. In the mean time he begged him to compose himself, to command in his House, and to order all things as he pleas'd. I thank you heartily for those obliging offers, says the Prince of *Persia*; but that I may not be any ways troublesome to you, I conjure you to deal with me as if I were not at your House. I would not stay one moment, if I thought my presence would incommode you in the least.

As soon as *Ebn Thaher* had time to recollect himself, he told his Family all that pass'd at *Schemselnihar's* Palace, and concluded, by thanking God, who had delivered him from the Danger he was in. The Prince of *Persia's* principal Domesticks came to receive his Orders at *Ebn Thaher's* House, and in a little time there arriv'd several of his Friends who had notice of his Indisposition. Those Friends pass'd the greatest part of the Day with him, and though their Conversation could not extinguish those sad Ideas, which were the cause of his Trouble, yet it gave him some Relief. He would have taken his leave of *Ebn Thaher* towards the Evening, but this faithful Friend found him still so weak, that he oblig'd him to stay till next Day, and in the mean time to divert him, he gave him a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick in the Evening; but this Consort served only to put him in mind of the preceding Night, and renewed his Trouble instead of asswaging it; so that next Day his Distemper seem'd to increase: Upon this *Ebn Thaher* did not oppose his going home, but took care to accompany him thither, and
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when he was with him alone in his Chamber, he represented to him all those Arguments which might influence him to a generous Endeavour to overcome that Passion, which in the end would neither prove lucky to himself nor to the Favourite. Ah! Dear *Ebn Thaber*, cries the Prince, how easie is it for you to give this Advice, but how hard is it for me to follow it? I am sensible of its importance, but am not able to profit by it. I have said it already, that I shall carry to the Grave with me the Love that I bear to *Schemselnihar*. When *Ebn Thaber* saw that he could gain nothing upon the Prince, he took his leave of him and would have retired.

Scheherazade seeing Day begin to appear held her Peace, and next Morning resumed her Discourse thus.

CLXCIII Night!

THE Prince of *Persia* retain'd him and said, kind *Ebn Thaber*, since I have declared to you that it is not in my Power to follow your wise Counsels, I beg you would not charge it on me as a Crime, nor forbear to give me the usual Testimonies of your Friendship, you cannot do me a greater Favour than to inform me of the Destiny of my Dear *Schemselnihar* when you hear any News of it: The uncertainty I am in concerning her Fate, and the mortal apprehensions her fainting has occasioned in me, keeps me in this languishing condition you reproach me with. My Lord, answered *Ebn Thaber*, you have reason to hope that her fainting was not attended with any

bad Consequence, her Confident will quickly come and inform me of the issue, and as soon as I know the particulars, I will not fail to impart them.

Ebn Thaber left the Prince in this hope, and returned home, where he expected *Schemsel-nihar's* Confident all the rest of the Day, but in vain, nor did she come next Day : His uneasiness to know the state of the Prince of *Persia's* Health, would not suffer him to stay any longer without seeing him ; he went to his Lodgings to exhort him to Patience, and found him lying on his Bed as sick as ever, surrounded by a great many of his Friends, and several Physicians who made use of all their Art to discover the cause of his Distemper. As soon as he saw *Ebn Thaber*, he look'd upon him smiling, to signify that he had two things to tell him, the one that he was glad to see him, the other, how much the Physicians, who could not discover the cause of his Distemper, were out in their Reasonings.

His Friends and Physicians retired one after another, so that *Ebn Thaber* being alone with him, came near his Bed to ask him how he did, since he saw him. I must tell you, answers the Prince, that my Passion which continually gathers new strength, and the uncertainty of the lovely *Schemsel-nihar's* Destiny, augments my Distemper every moment, and casts me into such a condition, as afflicts my Kindred and Friends, and breaks the measures of my Physicians, who don't understand it. You cannot think, adds he, how much I suffer to see so many People about me, who importune me, and whom I cannot in Civility put away. It's your Company alone that is comfortable
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to me; but in a word, I conjure you not to dissemble with me, what News do you bring me of *Schemselnihar*, have you seen her Confident? What says she to you? *Ebn Thaber* answer'd that he had not seen her yet, and no sooner had he told the Prince of *Persia* this sad News, but the Tears came from his Eyes, he could not answer one word, his Heart was so oppress'd. Prince, adds *Ebn Thaber*, suffer me to tell you, that you are very ingenious in tormenting your self. In the name of God, wipe away your Tears, if any of your People should come in just now, they would discover you by this, notwithstanding the care you ought to take to conceal your thoughts. Whatever this judicious Confident could say, it was not possible for the Prince to refrain from weeping: Wife *Ebn Thaber*, says he, when he had recovered his Speech, I may well hinder my Tongue from revealing the secrets of my Heart, but I have no power over my Tears, upon such a direful subject as *Schemselnihar's* danger. If that adorable and only Object of my Desires, be no longer in the World, I shall not be one moment after her. Reject so afflicting a Thought, replied *Ebn Thaber*, *Schemselnihar* is yet alive, you need not doubt of it; if you have heard no News of her, it's because she could find no occasion to send to you, and I hope you will hear from her to Day. To this he added several other comfortable things, and then retired.

Ebn Thaber was scarce at his own House, when *Schemselnihar's* Confident arrived with a Melancholy Countenance, which he reckoned a bad Omen. He asked News of her Mistress: Tell me yours first, says the Confident, for I

was in great trouble to see the Prince of *Persia* go away in that Condition. *Ebn Thaher* told her all that she desired to know, and when he had done, the Slave began her Discourse: If the Prince of *Persia*, says she, has suffer'd, and does still suffer for my Mistress, she suffers no less for him. After I departed from you, continues she, I return'd to the Saloun, where I found *Schemselnihar* not yet recover'd from her Swoon, notwithstanding all the Help they endeavour'd to give her. The Califf was sitting near her with all the Signs of real Grief: He ask'd all the Women, and me in particular, if we knew the Cause of her Distemper; but we kept all secret, and told him we were altogether Ignorant of it. In the mean time we all wept to see her suffer so long, and forgot nothing that might any ways help her. In a word, it was almost Midnight before she came to herself. The Califf, who had the Patience to wait all the while, was very glad at her Recovery, and ask'd *Schemselnihar* the Cause of her Distemper. Aston as she heard him speak, she endeavour'd to recover her Seat; and after she had kiss'd his Feet, before he could hinder her, Sir, says she, I have reason to complain of Heaven, that it did not allow me to expire at your Majesty's Feet, to testify thereby how sensible I am of your Favours.

I am perswaded you love me, says the Califf to her, and I command you to preserve yourself for my sake. You have probably exceeded in something to Day, which has occasioned this Indisposition; take heed I pray you, abstain from it for the future; I am very glad to see you better, and I advise you to stay here to Night, and not to return to your Chamber,
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for fear the Motion disturb you. Upon this he commanded a little Wine to be brought her, in order to strengthen her, and then taking his leave of her, return'd to his Apartment.

As soon as the Califf was gone, my Mistress gave me a Sign to come near her. She ask'd me earnestly concerning you: I assur'd her that you had been gone along time, which made her easy as to that matter: I took care not to speak of the Prince of *Persia's* fainting, least it should make her fall into the same Condition, from which we had so much trouble to recover her; but my Precautions were all in vain as you shall hear: Prince, says she, I henceforth renounce all Pleasure as long as I am deprived of a Sight of you. If I have understood your Heart right, I only follow your Example. Thou wilt not cease to weep until thou seest me again; It's but just that I weep and mourn till I see you. At these Words, which she utter'd in such a manner as express'd the Violence of her Passion, she fainted a second time betwixt my Arms.

Here *Scheherazade* seeing Day begin to appear, broke off, and next Night pursued her Discourse thus.

CXCIV Night.

Schemsetnihar's Confident continu'd to tell *Ebn Thaher* all that happen'd to her Mistress after her first Fainting. My Comrades and I says she, were a long time in recovering her; at last she came to herself, and then I said to her, Madam, are you resolv'd to kill your self

was in great trouble to see the Prince of *Persia* go away in that Condition. *Ebn Thaber* told her all that she desired to know, and when he had done, the Slave began her Discourse: If the Prince of *Persia*, says she, has suffer'd, and does still suffer for my Mistress, she suffers no less for him. After I departed from you, continues she, I return'd to the Saloun, where I found *Schemselnihar* not yet recover'd from her Swoon, notwithstanding all the Help they endeavour'd to give her. The Califf was sitting near her with all the Signs of real Grief: He ask'd all the Women, and me in particular, if we knew the Cause of her Distemper; but we kept all secret, and told him we were altogether Ignorant of it. In the mean time we all wept to see her suffer so long, and forgot nothing that might any ways help her. In a word, it was almost Midnight before she came to herself. The Califf, who had the Patience to wait all the while, was very glad at her Recovery, and ask'd *Schemselnihar* the Cause of her Distemper. Aston as she heard him speak, she endeavour'd to recover her Seat; and after she had kiss'd his Feet, before he could hinder her, Sir, says she, I have reason to complain of Heaven, that it did not allow me to expire at your Majesty's Feet, to testify thereby how sensible I am of your Favours.

I am perswaded you love me, says the Califf to her, and I command you to preserve yourself for my sake. You have probably exceeded in something to Day, which has occasioned this Indisposition; take heed I pray you, abstain from it for the future; I am very glad to see you better, and I advise you to stay here to Night, and not to return to your Chamber,
for

for fear the Motion disturb you. Upon this he commanded a little Wine to be brought her, in order to strengthen her, and then taking his leave of her, return'd to his Apartment.

As soon as the Califf was gone, my Mistress gave me a Sign to come near her. She ask'd me earnestly concerning you: I assur'd her that you had been gone along time, which made her easy as to that matter: I took care not to speak of the Prince of *Persia's* fainting, least it should make her fall into the same Condition, from which we had so much trouble to recover her; but my Precautions were all in vain as you shall hear: Prince, says she, I henceforth renounce all Pleasure as long as I am deprived of a Sight of you. If I have understood your Heart right, I only follow your Example. Thou wilt not cease to weep until thou seest me again; It's but just that I weep and mourn till I see you. At these Words, which she utter'd in such a manner as express'd the Violence of her Passion, she fainted a second time betwixt my Arms.

Here *Scheherazade* seeing Day begin to appear, broke off, and next Night pursued her Discourse thus.

CXCIV Night.

Schemsetnihar's Confident continu'd to tell *Ebn Thaher* all that happen'd to her Mistress after her first Fainting. My Comrades and I says she, were a long time in recovering her; at last she came to herself, and then I said to her, Madam, are you resolv'd to kill your self

and to make us also die with you? I beg of you be perswaded in the Name of the Prince of *Persia* for whom it is your Interest to live, to save your self as you love your self, as you love the Prince, and for our sakes who are so faithful to you. I am very much obliged to you, replied she, for your Care, Zeal, and Advice; but alas! they are useless to me: You are not to flatter us with any hopes, for we can expect no end of our Torments but in the Grave. One of my Companions would have diverted those sad Thoughts by playing on her Lute, but she commanded her to be silent, and order'd all of them to retire except me, whom she kept all Night with her. O Heavens! What a Night was it? She pass'd it in Tears and Groans, and always naming the Prince of *Persia*. She lamented her Lot, that had destin'd her to the Califf, whom she could not love, and not for him whom she loved so dearly.

Next Morning, because she was not commodiously lodged in the Saloun, I help'd her to her Chamber, where she no sooner arrived, than all the Physicians of the Palace came to see her, by order of the Califf, who was not long a coming himself. The Medicines which the Physicians prescrib'd for *Schenfelnihar* were to no purpose, because they were Ignorant of the Cause of her Distemper, and the Presence of the Califf augmented it. She got a little Rest however this Night, and as soon as she awoke she charged me to come to you, to hear News of the Prince of *Persia*. I have already inform'd you of his Case, said *Ebn Thaber*; so return to your Mistress, and assure her, that the Prince of *Persia* waits for News from her with the like Impatience that she does from him; Besides, exhort

hort her to Moderation, and to overcome herself, for fear she drop some Word before the Califf, which may prove fatal to us all. As for me, replied the Confident, I confess I dread her Transports; I have taken the Liberty to tell her my Mind, and am persuaded that she won't take it ill that I tell her this from you.

Ebn Thaber, who had but just come from the Prince of *Persia's* Lodgings, thought it not convenient to return so soon, and neglect his own Important Affairs, and therefore went not till the Evening: The Prince was alone, and no better than in the Morning. *Ebn Thaber*, says he to him, as soon as he saw him, you have doubtless many Friends, but they don't know your Worth, which you discover to me by the Zeal, Care, and Trouble you give your self to oblige me in my Condition. I am confounded with all that you do for me with so great Affection, and I know not how I shall be able to express my Gratitude. Prince, answer'd *Ebn Thaber*, don't speak so I intreat you; I am ready, not only to give one of my own Eyes to save one of yours, but to sacrifice my Life for you. But this is not the present Business, I come to tell you that *Schemselnihar* sent her Confident to ask me about you, and at the same time to inform me of her Condition. You may assure your self that I said nothing but what might confirm the Excess of your Passion for her Mistress, and the Constancy with which you love her. Then *Ebn Thaber* gave him a particular Account of all that had pass'd betwixt the Trusty Slave and him. The Prince listen'd with all the different Motions of Fear, Jealousie, Affection, and Compassion which his Discourse could inspire him with, making upon every thing which he

he heard all the afflicting or comforting Reflections that so passionate a Lover was capable of.

Their Conversation continued so long that the Night was far advanced, so that the Prince of *Persia* obliged *Ebn Thaber* to stay with him. To Morrow Morning, as this Trusty Friend return'd home, there came to him a Woman, whom he knew to be *Schemselnihar's* Confident, and immediately she spoke to him thus : My Mistress salutes you, and I am come to intreat you in her Name, to deliver this Letter to the Prince of *Persia*. The zealous *Ebn Thaber* took the Letter, and return'd to the Prince, accompanied with the Confident Slave.

Scheherazade stop'd here for this time, because Day began to appear; and resumed her Discourse to the Sultan of the *Indies* the Night following, and said,

CXCV Night.

SIR, When *Ebn Thaber* entered the Prince of *Persia's* House, with *Schemselnihar's* Confident, he pray'd her to stay one Moment in the Drawing Room. As soon as the Prince of *Persia* saw him, he ask'd earnestly what News he had? - The best you can expect, answer'd *Ebn Thaber* : You are as dearly belov'd as you love; *Schemselnihar's* Confident is in your Drawing Room; she has brought you a Letter from her Mistress, and waits for your Orders to come in. Let her come in, cries the Prince,

Prince, with a Transport of Joy and speaking thus he sat down to receive her.

The Prince's Attendants went from him as soon as they saw *Ebn Thaber*, and left him alone with their Master. *Ebn Thaber* went and open'd the Door, and brought in the Confident. The Prince knew her and received her very civilly. My Lord, says she to him, I am sensible of the Afflictions you have indured since I had the Honour to conduct you to the Boat which waited to bring you back ; but I hope this Letter I have brought will contribute to your Cure : Upon this she presented him the Letter : He took it, and after he had kiss'd it several times, he opened and read it as follows.

A Letter from *Schemselnihar* to *Ali Ebn Becar* Prince of Persia.

THE Person who brings you this Letter will give you a better Account concerning me than I can do ; for I have not been my self since I saw you : Being deprived of your Presence, I sought to divert my self by entertaining you with these ill writ Lines, with the same Pleasure as if I had the good Fortune to speak to you.

It's said that Patience is a Cure for all Distempers, but it sours mine instead of sweetning it. Altho' your Picture be deeply engraven in my Heart, my Eyes desire constantly to see the Original ; and they will lose their Light if they be any considerable time depriv'd of it. May I flatter my self that yours has the same Impatience to see me ? Yes I can ; their tender Glances discover'd it to me. How happy, Prince, should you and
Schem-

Schemselnihar both be, if our agreeable Desires were not cross'd by invincible Obstacles which afflict me as sensibly as they do you.

Those Thoughts which my Fingers write, and which I express with incredible Pleasure, and repeat again and again, speak from the bottom of my Heart, and from the incurable Wound which you have made in it; a Wound which I bless a thousand times, notwithstanding the cruel Torment I endure for your Absence. I would reckon all that opposes our Love nothing, were I only allow'd to see you sometimes with Freedom; I would enjoy you then, and what could I desire more?

Don't imagine that I say more than I think. Alas! whatever Expressions I am able to use, yet I am sensible that I think more than I can tell you. My Eyes which are continually watching and weeping for your return: My Afflicted Heart, which desires nothing but you alone: The Sighs that escape me as often as I think on you, that is, every Moment: My Imagination, which represents no other Object to me, than my dear Prince; The Complaints that I make to Heaven for the Rigour of my Destiny: In a word, my Grief, my Trouble, my Torments which give me no Ease ever since I lost the Sight of you, are Witnesses of what I write.

Am not I unhappy to be born to love, without hope of enjoying him whom I love? This doleful Thought oppresses me so, that I should die were I not perswaded that you love me: But this sweet Comfort balances my Despair and preserves my Life: Tell me that you love me always; I will keep your Letter carefully, and read it a thousand times a Day: I will endure my Afflictions with less impatience: I pray Heaven may cease to be
angry

angry at us, and grant us an opportunity to say that we love one another without Fear; and that we may never cease to love. Adieu. I salute Ebn Thaher who has so much obliged us.

The Prince of *Persia* was not satisfied to read the Letter once, he thought he had read it with too little Attention, and therefore read it again with more Leisure; and as he read sometimes he utter'd Sighs, sometimes he wept, and sometimes he discover'd Transports of Joy and Affection, as one who was touched with what he read. In a word, he could not keep his Eyes off those Characters drawn by so lovely a Hand, and therefore began to read it a third time. Then *Ebn Thaher* told him that the Confident could not stay, and that he ought to think of giving an Answer. Alas! cries the Prince, how would you have me answer so kind a Letter? In what Terms shall I express the Trouble that I am in? My Spirit is toss'd with a thousand tormenting things, and my Thoughts destroy one another the same Moment they are conceived, to make way for more? and so long as my Body suffers by the Impressions of my Mind, how shall I be able to hold Paper or a Reed * to write?

Having spoke thus, he took out of a little Desk, Paper, Cane, and Ink.

Scheherazade perceiving Day, broke off her Story, and began again next Day as follows.

CXCVI

* The Arabians Persians and Turks, when they write hold the Paper ordinarily upon their Knee with their left Hand, and write with their Right, with a little Reed or Cane, cut as we do our Pens; this Cane is hollow, and resembles our Reeds, but is harder.

CXCVI Night:

SIR, the Prince of *Persia*, before he began to write, gave *Schemselnihar's* Letter to *Ebn Thaher*; and pray'd him to hold it open while he wrote, that by casting his Eyes upon it he might see the better what to answer. He began to write, but the Tears that fell from his Eyes upon the Paper obliged him several times to stop, that they might trickle down the more freely. At last he finish'd his Letter, and giving it to *Ebn Thaher*, Read it, I pray, says he to him, and do me the Favour to see if the Disorder of my Mind has allowed me to give a Reasonable Answer. *Ebn Thaher* took it and read it as follows.

The Prince of *Persia's* Answer to
Schemselnihar's Letter.

I Was swallow'd up with mortal Grief when I received your Letter; at the sight of which I was transported with unspeakable Joy; and at the View of the Characters writ by your lovely Hand, my Eyes were enlighten'd more sensibly than they were darkned when yours were clos'd on a sudden at the Feet of my Rival. The Words which your Courteous Letter contains are so many Rays of Light which have dispell'd the Darkness my Soul was obscur'd with. They shew me how
much

much you suffer by your Love to me, and that you are not ignorant of what I endure for you, and thereby comfort me in my Afflictions. On the one hand they make me shed Tears in abundance, and on the other they inflame my Heart with a Fire which supports it, and hinders me to die of Grief. I have not had one Moments Rest since our cruel Separation. Your Letter only gave me some Ease. I kept a sorrowful Silence till the Moment I received it, and then it restor'd me to Speech. I was buried in a profound Melancholy, but it inspired me with Joy, which immediately appear'd in my Eyes and Countenance. But my Surprise at receiving a Favour which I had not deserved, was so great that I knew not which way to begin to testify my thankfulness for it. In a Word, after having kiss'd it several times as a valuable pledge of your Goodness, I read it over and over, and was confounded at the Excess of my good Fortune. You would have me to signify to you that I always love you: Ah! tho' I did not love you so perfectly as I do. I could not forbear adoring you, after all the Marks you have given me of a Love so uncommon: Yes, I love you my dear Soul, and shall account it my Glory to burn all my Days with that sweet Fire you have kindled in my Heart. I will never complain of that brisk Ardor with which I find it consumes me: And how rigorous soever the Grief be which I suffer, I will bear it courageously, in hopes to see you some time or other. Would to Heaven it were to Day, and that instead of sending you my Letter I might be allowed to come and assure you that I die for Love of you! My Tears hinder me from saying any more, Adieu.

Ebn Thaber could not read those last Lines without Weeping. He return'd the Letter to the Prince of *Persia*, and assured him it wanted no Correction. The Prince shut it, and when he had Sealed it, he desired the trusty Slave to come near, and told her, this is my Answer to your Dear Mistress, I conjure you to carry it her, and to salute her in my Name. The Slave took the Letter, and retired with *Ebn Thaber*.

Here the Sultaness stopt, and continued her Story next Night in the following manner.

CXCVII Night.

AFTER *Ebn Thaber* had walk'd some way with the Slave, he left her, and went to his House, and began to think in earnest upon the Amorous Intrigue into which he found himself unhappily engaged. He considered that the Prince of *Persia* and *Schemselnihar*, notwithstanding their Interest to conceal their Correspondence, did manage themselves with so little discretion, that it could not be long a Secret. He drew all the consequences from it, which a Man of good Sense ought to do. Were *Schemselnihar*, said he to himself, an ordinary Lady, I would contribute with all my power to make her and her Sweet-heart happy; but she is the Califf's Favourite, and no Man can without danger undertake to displease him. His Anger would fall at first upon *Schemselnihar*, it will cost the Prince of *Persia* his Life, and I shall be imbarqu'd in his Mis-

Misfortune. In the mean time I have my Honour, my Quiet, my Family and my Estate to preserve. I must then deliver my self out of so great a Danger while I can.

He was taken up with these Thoughts all the Day ; next Morning he went to the Prince of *Persia*, with a design to use his utmost Endeavours to oblige him to conquer his Passion. He actually represented to him what he had formerly done in vain, That it would be much better for him to make use of all his Courage, to overcome his Inclination for *Schemselnihar*, than to suffer himself to be conquer'd by it, and that his Passion was so much the more dangerous, as his Rival was the more Potent. In a word, Sir, adds he, if you will hearken to me, you ought to think of nothing but to triumph over your Amour, otherwise you run a risque of destroying your self with *Schemselnihar*, whose Life ought to be dearer to you than your own. I give you this Counsel as a Friend, for which you will thank me some time or other.

The Prince heard *Ebn Thaber* with a great deal of Impatience, but suffered him however to speak out his Mind, and then replied to him thus, *Ebn Thaber*, says he, do you think I can forbear to love *Schemselnihar*, who loves me so tenderly, she is not afraid to expose her Life for me, and would you have me to regard mine. No, whatever Misfortune befall me, I will love *Schemselnihar* to my last Breath.

Ebn

Ebn Thaher being offended with the obstinacy of the Prince of *Persia*, left him hastily, and going to his own House, recalled to mind what he had thought on the other Day, and began to think in earnest what he should do. At the same time a Jeweller, one of his intimate Friends, came to see him. This Jeweller had perceiv'd that *Schemselnihar's* Confident came oftner to *Ebn Thaher* than usual, and that he was constantly with the Prince of *Persia*, whose Sickness was known to every one, though not the Cause of it. The Jeweller began to grow Suspicious, and finding *Ebn Thaher* very pensive, he judg'd presently that he was perplex'd with some important Affair, and fancying that he knew the Cause, he ask'd what *Schemselnihar's* Confident wanted with him? *Ebn Thaher* being struck with this Question, would have disssembled, and told him, that it was for a trifle she came so frequently to him. You don't tell me the Truth, says the Jeweller, and give me ground to think, by your Dissimulation, that this Trifle is a more important Affair than at first I thought it to be. *Ebn Thaher* perceiving that his Friend pressed him so much, says to him, it's true that it's an Affair of the greatest Consequence, I had resolved to keep it secret, but since I know how much you are my Friend, I chuse rather to make you my Confident, than to suffer you to be in a mistake about it. I don't recommend it to you to keep the secret, for you'll easily judge by what I am going to tell you, how important it is to keep it. After this Preamble, he told him the Amour between *Schemselnihar* and the Prince

Prince of *Persia*. You know, continues he, in what esteem I am at Court, in the City, and with Lords and Ladies of the greatest Quality, what a Disgrace would it be for me should this rash Intrigue come to be discovered. But what do I say? Should not I and my Family be quite destroy'd? That's the thing perplexes my Mind; but I have just now come to such a resolve as I ought to make, I will go immediately and satisfy my Creditors, and recover my Debts, and when I have secured my Estate, will retire to *Balzora*, and stay there till the Tempest, that I foresee, blows over. The Friendship I have for *Schemselnihar* and the Prince of *Persia*, makes me very sensible to what Danger they are exposed. I pray Heaven to discover it to themselves, and to preserve them; but if their ill Destiny will have their Amours come to the knowledge of the Califf, I shall at least be out of the reach of his Resentment; for I don't think them so wicked, as to design to draw me into their own Misfortunes. It would be extream Ingratitude in them to do so, and a sorry Reward for the good Service I have done them, and the good Advice I have given them, particularly to the Prince of *Persia*, who may save himself and his Mistress both from this precipice, if he pleases; he may as easily leave *Bagdad* as I, and Absence will insensibly disengage him from a Passion, which will only increase whilst he continues in this Place.

The Jeweller was extreamly surprized at what *Ebn Thaber* told him, What you say to me, says he, is of so great Importance, that I can't understand how *Sebemselnihar* and the
Prince

Prince have been capable to abandon themselves to such a violent Amour, what Inclination soever they may have for one another, instead of yielding to it, they ought to resist it, and make a better use of their Reason. Is it possible they can be insensible of the dangerous consequences of their Correspondence? How deplorable is their Blindness? I perceive all the Consequences of it as well as you, but you are wise and prudent, and I approve your Resolution, that's the only way to deliver your self from the fatal Events which you have reason to fear. After this the Jeweller rose up, and took his leave of *Ebn Thaher*.

The Sultaness stopt here, and continued the Story next Night as follows.

CXCVIII Night.

BEfore the Jeweller retired, *Ebn Thaher* conjured him by the Friendship betwixt them to speak nothing of this to any Body. Be not afraid, says the Jeweller, I will keep this secret on peril of my Life.

Two Days after the Jeweller went to *Ebn Thaher's* Shop, and seeing it shut, he doubted not but he had executed the Design he spoke of; but to be sure, he ask'd a Neighbour, if he knew why it was shut? The Neighbour, answer'd that he knew not, unless *Ebn Thaher* was gone a Journey. There was no need of his enquiring further, and immediately he thought upon the Prince of *Persia*, Unhappy Prince,

Prince, says he to himself, what Grief will this be to you when you hear this News ? By what means will you now entertain your Correspondence with *Schemselnihar* ? I fear you will die of Despair, I have compassion on you, I must make up the loss that you have of a too fearful Confident.

The Business that obliged him to come abroad, was of no consequence, so that he neglected it : And though he had no knowledge of the Prince of *Persia*, but only by having sold him some Jewels, he went straight to his House ; he address'd himself to one of his Servants, and pray'd him to tell his Master, that he desired to speak with him about a Business of very great Importance. The Servant return'd immediately to the Jeweller, and introduc'd him to the Prince's Chamber, who was leaning upon a Sopha, with his Head upon a Cushion. As soon as the Prince saw him, he rose up to receive him, said he was welcome, and entreated him to sit down, ask'd if he could serve him in any thing, or if he came to tell him any thing concerning himself. Prince, answers the Jeweller, though I have not the Honour to be particularly acquainted with you, yet the Desire of testifying my Zeal, has made me take the Liberty to come to your House, to impart to you some News that concerns you. I hope you will pardon my Boldness, because of my good Intention.

After this Introduction, the Jeweller entred upon the matter, and pursued it thus : Prince, I shall have the Honour to tell you, that it's a long time, since the Conformity of Humour
and

and several Affairs we had together, united *Ebn Thaher* and me in strict Friendship, I know you are acquainted with him, and that he has been employed in obliging you in all that he could, I am inform'd of this from himself, for he keeps nothing secret from me, nor I from him. I went just now to his Shop, and was surpris'd to find it shut, I address'd my self to one of his Neighbours to ask the reason; he answer'd me, that two Days ago *Ebn Thaher* took his leave of him and other Neighbours, offering them his service at *Balsora*, whither he is gone, said he, about an Affair of great Importance. Not being satisfied with this Answer, the concern that I have for whatever belongs to him, determin'd me to come and ask if you knew any thing particularly concerning this his sudden Departure.

At this Discourse, which the Jeweller accommodated to the subject, that he might come the better to his Design, the Prince of *Persia* changed Colour, and look'd so, as made the Jeweller sensible that he was afflicted with the News. I am surpris'd at what you inform me, says he, there could not a greater misfortune befall me: Ah! says he with Tears in his Eyes, I am undone, if what you tell me be true! has *Ebn Thaher*, who was all my Comfort, in whom I put all my Confidence, left me! I cannot think of living after so cruel a blow.

The Jeweller needed no more to convince him fully of the Prince of *Persia's* violent Passion, which *Ebn Thaher* told him of, meer Friendship would not let him speak so, nothing but Love could produce such feeling Expressions.

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The Prince continued some Moments swallowed up with those melancholy Thoughts ; at last he lifted up his Head, and calling one of his Servants, go, says he, to *Ebn Thaber's* House, and ask any of his Domesticks if he be gone to *Balsora* : Run and come back quickly, and tell me what you hear. While the Servant was gone, the Jeweller endeavour'd to entertain the Prince of *Persia* with indifferent Subjects ; but the Prince gave little heed to him. He was a Prey to fatal Grief: Sometimes he could not perswade himself that *Ebn Thaber* was gone, and other times he did not doubt of it, when he reflected upon the Discourse he had with him the last time he saw him, and the angry Countenance with which he left him.

At last the Prince's Servant return'd, and reported that he had spoke with one of *Ebn Thaber's* Servants, who assured him that he was gone Two Days before to *Balsora*. As I came from *Ebn Thaber's* House, adds the Servant, a Slave well array'd came to me, and after she ask'd me if I had the Honour to belong to you, she told me she wanted to speak with you, and beg'd at the same time that she might come along with me: She is in the outer Chamber, and I believe she has a Letter to give you from some Person of Note. The Prince commanded immediately to bring her in, he doubted not but it was *Schemselnihar's* Confident Slave, as indeed it was. The Jeweller knew who she was, having seen her several times at *Ebn Thaber's* House: She could not have come in a better time to hinder the Prince from Despair. She saluted him. — But Sir, said *Scheherazade*, by this
F time

time I perceive it's Day. She held her Peace, and next Night went on after this manner.

CXCIX Night.

THE Prince of *Persia* did likewise salute *Schemselnihar's* Confident. The Jeweller arose as soon as he saw her appear, and step'd aside to leave them at Liberty to speak together. The Confident, after she had convers'd some time with the Prince, took her leave and departed. She left him quite another thing than before: His Eyes appeared brighter, and his Countenance more Gay, which made the Jeweller know that the good Slave came to tell him some News that favoured his Amour.

The Jeweller having taken his Place again near the Prince, says to him smiling, I see Prince you have important Affairs at the Califf's Palace. The Prince of *Persia* was astonish'd and alarm'd at this Discourse, and answer'd the Jeweller, Why do you judge that I have Affairs at the Califf's Palace? I judge, reply'd the Jeweller, by the Slave who is gone forth. And to whom think you belongs this Slave, reply'd the Prince? To *Schemselnihar* the Califf's Favourite, answer'd the Jeweller: I know, continues he, both the Slave and her Mistress, who has several times done me the Honour to come to my House and buy Jewels. Besides, I know that *Schemselnihar* keeps nothing secret from this Slave; and I have seen her go and come for several Days along the Streets, very

very much troubled as I thought, I imagined that it is for some Affair of Consequence concerning her Mistress.

The Jewellers Words did much trouble the Prince of *Persia*. He would not say so, says he to himself, if he did not suspect, or rather know my Secret. He remained silent for some time, not knowing what to answer. At last he began, and said to the Jeweller; you have told me those things which make me believe, that you know yet more than you have acquainted me with, it will tend much to my quiet, if I be perfectly inform'd, I conjure you therefore not to dissemble with me.

Then the Jeweller, who desired no better, gave him a particular account of what had passed betwixt *Ebn Thaher* and himself, so that he let him know that he was inform'd of his Correspondence with *Schemselnihar*, and forgot not to tell him that *Ebn Thaher* was afraid of the Danger of being his Confident in the matter, which was partly the occasion of his retiring to *Balsora*, to stay there until the Storm, which he feared, should be over. This he has done, adds the Jeweller, and I am surpriz'd how he could determine himself to abandon you, in the condition he informed me you was in. As for me, Prince, I confess, I am moved with Compassion towards you, and am come to offer you my Service, and if you do me the favour to accept of it, I engage myself to be as faithful to you as *Ebn Thaher*, besides I promise to be more constant. I am ready to sacrifice my Honour and Life for you: and in fine, that you may not doubt of my Sincerity, I swear by all that's Sacred in our

Religion, to keep your Secret inviolable. Be perswaded then, Prince, that you will find in me the Friend which you have lost. This Discourse encouraged the Prince, and comforted him under *Ebn Thaber's* absence. I am very glad, says he to the Jeweller, to find in you a Reparation of my loss, I want words to express the Obligations I am under to you. I pray God to recompence your Generosity, and accept your obliging Offer with all my Heart. Believe it, continues he, that *Schemselnihar's* Confident came to speak to me concerning you, she told me that it was you who advised *Ebn Thaber* to go from *Bagdad*, these were the last Words she spoke to me, when she went away, and had almost perswaded me of it. But don't you resent it, for I doubt not she is deceived after what you have told me. Prince, replied the Jeweller, I have had the Honour to give you a Faithful Account of my Conversation with *Ebn Thaber*. It's true, when he told me he would retire to *Balsora*, I did not oppose his Design, but said he was a wise and prudent Man, and that this may not hinder you to put your confidence in me, I am ready to serve you with all imaginable Zeal: And though you do otherwise, this shall not hinder me from keeping your Secret religiously, according to my Oath. I have already told you, replies the Prince, that I would not believe what the Confident said, it's her Zeal which inspired her with this groundless Suspicion, and you ought to excuse it as I do.

They continued their Conversation for some time, and consulted together of convenient means to entertain the Prince's Correspondence
with

with *Schemselnihar*. They agreed to begin by disabusing the Confident, who was so unjustly prepossessed against the Jeweller. The Prince engaged to undeceive her the first time she returned, and to entreat her to engage herself to the Jeweller, that she might bring the Letters or any other Information from her Mistress to him. In effect they agreed, that she ought not to come so frequently to the Prince's House, because thereby she might give an occasion to discover that which was of so great Importance to conceal. At last the Jeweller arose, and after having again prayed the Prince of *Persia* to have an entire Confidence in him, he retired.

The Sultaneß *Scheherazade* seeing Day begin to appear, broke off her Discourse, and next Night resumed it thus.

CC Night.

SIR, The Jeweller returning to his House, perceived before him a Letter, which some Body had dropt in the Street, He took it up, and since it was not Seal'd, he opened it, and found it conceived in these Terms.

A Letter from *Schemselnihar* to the Prince of *Persia*.

I Am inform'd by my Confident of a piece of News which troubles me no less than it does you, by losing Ebn Thaher, we have indeed lost much; but let not this hinder you, Dear Prince,

from thinking to preserve your self. If our Confident has abandoned us through a Pannick Fear, let us consider that it's a Misfortune which we could not avoid. I confess, Ebn Thaher has left us at a time when we needed him most; but let us fortifie our selves by Patience against this unlook'd for accident, and let us not forbear to love one another constantly. Fortifie your Heart against this Misfortune, no Body can obtain what they desire without trouble. Let us not discourage our selves, but hope that Heaven will favour us, and that after so many Afflictions, we shall come to a happy Accomplishment of our Desires. Adieu.

While the Jeweller was conversing with the Prince of Persia, the Confident had time to return to the Palace, and tell her Mistress the ill News of Ebn Thaher's Departure. Schemselnihar immediately wrote this Letter, and sent back her Confident with it to the Prince of Persia, but she negligently dropt it.

The Jeweller was glad to find it, for it was a good way to set him right with the Confident, and bring him to the point he desired. When he had read it, he perceived the Slave, who sought it with a great deal of Uneasiness, looking about every where. He closed it again quickly, and put it into his Bosom, but the Slave took notice of it, and ran to him; Sir, says she, I have dropt a Letter, which you had just now in your Hand, I beseech you be pleased to restore it. The Jeweller taking no notice that he heard her, continued his way till he came to his House. He did not shut the Door behind him, that the Confident, who followed him, might come in. She accordingly

cordingly did so, and when she came to his Chamber, Sir, says she to him, you can make no use of that Letter you have found, and you would make no difficulty of returning it to me, if you knew from whom it came, and to whom it is directed. Besides, let me tell you, you cannot honestly keep it.

Before the Jeweller answered the Confident he made her sit down, and then he said to her, Is not this Letter from *Schemselnihar*, and is it not directed to the Prince of *Persia*? The Slave, who expected no such Question, blush'd: The Question puzzles you, replies he, but I assure you I don't propose it rashly: I could have given you the Letter in the Street, but I suffer'd you to follow me on purpose that I might discourse with you: Is it just, tell me, to impute an unhappy Accident to People who no ways contributed towards it? Yet this you have done, in telling the Prince of *Persia*, that it was I who counsell'd *Ebn Thaber* to leave *Bagdad* for his own Safety. I don't pretend to lose time in justifying my self to you, it's enough that the Prince of *Persia* is fully persuaded of my Innocence in this matter. I will only tell you, that instead of contributing to *Ebn Thaber's* Departure, I have been extremely afflicted at it, not so much for my Friendship to him, as out of Compassion for the condition he left the Prince of *Persia* in, whose Correspondence with *Schemselnihar* he has discovered to me. As soon as I knew certainly that *Ebn Thaber* was gone from *Bagdad*, I went to present my self to the Prince, in whose House you found me, to inform him of this News, and to offer him the same Service which he did him, and provided you put the

same Confidence in me, that you did in *Ebn Thaber*, you may serve your self very well by my Assistance. Inform your Mistress of what I have told you, and assure her, that if I should die for engaging in so dangerous an Intrigue, I will not repent to have sacrificed my self for Two Lovers so worthy of one another.

The Confident, after having heard the Jeweller with great Satisfaction, beg'd him to pardon the ill Opinion she had conceiv'd of him out of the Zeal she had for her Mistress. I am extreme glad, adds she, that *Schemselnihar* and the Prince have found you who are a Man fit to supply *Ebn Thaber's* place. I will not fail to signify to my Mistress the good Will you bear her.

Scheherazade observing Day, left off here, and next Night pursued her Discourse thus.

CCI Night.

AFTER the Confident had testified to the Jeweller her Joy to see him so well disposed to serve *Schemselnihar* and the Prince of *Persia*, the Jeweller took the Letter out of his Bosom, and restor'd it to her, saying, Go, carry it quickly to the Prince of *Persia*, and come back this way that I may see the Answer. Forget not to give him an Account of our Conversation.

The Confident took the Letter and carried it to the Prince, who answer'd it immediately. She returned to the Jeweller's House, to shew him the Answer which was thus,

The

The Prince of Persia's Answer to *Schemselnihar.*

Your precious Letter had a great Effect upon me, but not so great as I could wish. You endeavour to comfort me for the Loss of *Ebn Thaber*; Alas! for as sensible as I am of this, it is but the least of my Troubles. You know my Malady, and that its only your Presence can cure me. When will the time come that I shall enjoy it without fear of being ever deprived of it? O how long does it seem to me! But shall we rather flatter ourselves that we may see one another. You command me to preserve my self, I will obey, since I have renounced my own Will to follow yours, Adieu.

After the Jeweller had read this Letter, he gave it again to the Confident, who said when she was going away, I will tell my Mistress to put the same Confidence in you she did in *Ebn Thaber*. You shall hear of me to Morrow. Accordingly next Day she return'd with a pleasant Countenance: Your very Looks, says he, to her, inform me that you have brought *Schemselnihar* to what you wish'd for: That's true, says the Confident, and you shall hear how I effected it: I found yesterday, continues she, *Schemselnihar* expecting me with Impatience: I gave her the Prince of Persia's Letter, and she read it with Tears in her Eyes; and when she had done, and I saw that she abandon'd her self to her ordinary Sorrows, Madam, said I to her, this is doubtless *Ebn Thaber's* Removal that troubles you; but suffer me to conjure

you in the Name of God to trouble your self no farther concerning that matter. We have found another who offers to oblige you with as much Zeal, and what is yet more important, with greater Courage. Then I spoke to her of you, continues the Slave, and acquainted her with the Motive which made you go to the Prince of *Persia's* House: In short I assured her that you would inviolably keep the Secret betwixt her and the Prince of *Persia*; and that you was resolved to favour their Amours with all your Might. She seemed to me to be much reliev'd by my Discourse. Ah! what Obligations, says she, are the Prince of *Persia* and I under to that Honest Man you speak of: I must see him, that I may hear from his own Mouth what you tell me, and thank him for such an unheard of piece of Generosity towards Persons that he is no ways obliged to concern himself with. A Sight of him will please me, and I will not omit any thing to confirm him in those good Sentiments. Don't fail to bring him to me to Morrow. Therefore, pray, Sir, go with me to the Palace.

The Confidants Discourse perplex'd the Jeweller. Your Mistress, replies he, must allow me to say that she has not thought well of what she requires of me. *Ebn Thaber's* Access to the Califf gave him Admission every where; and the Officers who knew him suffer'd him to go and come freely to *Schemselnihar's* Palace; but as for me, how dare I enter? You see well enough that it is not possible: I entreat you to represent those Reasons to *Schemselnihar* which hinder me from giving her that Satisfaction; and acquaint her with all the ill Consequences that would attend it. If she consider it never

so

so little, she would find that it would expose me needlessly to very great Danger.

The Confident endeavour'd to encourage the Jeweller: Believe me, says she, that *Schemsel-nihar* is not so unreasonable as to expose you to the least Danger, from whom she expects so considerable Services. Consider with your self that there is not the least Appearance of Hazard. My Mistress and I are too much interested in this Affair, to involve you in any Danger. You may depend upon me, and leave your self to my Conduct. After the thing is over, you will confess to me that your Fear was groundless.

The Jeweller harkened to the Confident's discourse and got up to follow her; but notwithstanding his Natural Courage, he was seiz'd with such Terrour that his whole Body trembled: In the condition you are in, says she, I perceive it will be better for you to stay at home, and that *Schemsel-nihar* take other measures to see you. It is not to be doubted, but that to satisfy her Desire, she will come hither her self: The case being so, Sir, I would not have you to go: I am perswaded it will not be long e're you see her your self. The Confident foresaw this very well: For she no sooner inform'd *Schemsel-nihar* of the Jewellers fear, but she made ready to go to his House.

He received her with all the Marks of a profound Respect. When she sat down, being a little fatigued with coming, she unveiled her self and let the Jeweller see such Beauty, as made him acknowledge that the Prince of *Persia* was excusable in giving his Heart to her. Then she saluted the Jeweller with a graceful Countenance, and said to him: I am informed

with

with what zeal you have engaged in the Prince of *Persia's* Concerns and mine, but without immediately forming a Design to express my Gratitude, I thank Heaven which has so soon made up *Ebn Thaber's* loss.

Scheherazade, being obliged to stop here, because Day began to appear, continued her Story next morning in the following manner.

CCII Night.

Schemselnihar said several other obliging things to the Jeweller, after which she return'd to her Palace. The Jeweller went immediately to give an Account of this Visit to the Prince of *Persia*, who said to him as soon as he saw him, I have expected you impatiently. The Trusty Slave has brought me a Letter from her Mistress, but this does not ease me, whatever the lovely *Schemselnihar* says, yet I dare not hope for any thing: My Patience is at an end; I know not now what Measures to take; *Ebn Thaber's* Departure makes me despair: He was my only Support: I lost all by losing him: I flatter'd my self with some hopes by reason of his Access to *Schemselnihar*.

After these Words, which the Prince pronounced with so much Eagerness, that he gave the Jeweller no time to interrupt him, he said to the Prince, no Man can bear a greater share in your Afflictions than I do; and if you will have Patience to hear me, you will perceive that I am capable of giving you Ease. Upon this the Prince held his Peace, and harken'd to him. I see very well, said the Jeweller, that the only thing to give you Satisfaction, is to fall upon a
way

way that you may converse freely with *Schemfelnihar*. This I will procure you, and to Morrow will set about it. You must by no means expose your self to enter *Schemfelnihar's* Palace; you know by Experience the Danger of that: I know a very fit Place for this Interview, where you shall be safe. When the Jeweller had spoken thus, the Prince embraced him with a Transport of Joy. You revive, says he, by this charming Promise, an unhappy Lover, who was resolved to die: I see that you have fully repair'd the Loss of *Ebn Thaber*; whatever you do shall be well done, I will leave my self entirely to you.

After the Prince had thank'd him for his Zeal, the Jeweller return'd home, and next Morning *Schemfelnihar's* Confident came to him: He told her that he had put the Prince of *Persia* in hopes that he should see *Schemfelnihar* speedily: I am come on purpose, answer'd she, to take measures with you for that end. I think, continued she, this House will be convenient enough for their Interview: I could receive them very well here reply'd he, but I think they will have more Liberty in another House of mine where no body lives at present: I will quickly furnish it for receiving them. Since the Matter is so, reply'd the Confident, there remains nothing for me to do but to make *Schemfelnihar* consent to it. I will go and tell her, and return speedily with an Answer.

She was as diligent as her Promise, and returning to the Jeweller, told him that her Mistress would not fail to keep the Appointment in the Evening. In the mean time she gave him a Purse of Money, and told him it was to prepare a Collation. He sent her immediately to the House,

House, where the Lovers were to meet, that she might know whither to bring her Mistress, and when she was gone he went to borrow from his Friends Vessels of Gold and Silver, Tapestry, Rich Cushions, and other Furniture with which he furnish'd the House very magnificently; and when he had put all things in order he went to the Prince of *Persia*.

You may easily conceive the Prince of *Persia*'s Joy when the Jeweller told him that he came to conduct him to the House he had prepared to receive him and *Schemselnihar*. This News made him forget all his former Trouble. He put on a magnificent Robe, and went without his Retinue along with the Jeweller; who led him through several By-streets that no Body might observe him, and at last brought him to the House, where they discoursed together until *Schemselnihar* came.

They did not stay long for this Passionate Lover. She came after Evening Prayer, with her Confident and Two other Slaves. One cannot express the excess of joy that seiz'd those two Lovers when they saw one another; it's altogether impossible: They sat down together upon a Sofa, looking upon one another for some time, without being able to speak, they were so much overjoyed: But when their Speech returned to them they soon made up their Silence. They express'd themselves with so much Tenderness as made the Jeweller, the Confident, and the two other Slaves weep. The Jeweller however restrain'd his Tears to think upon the Collation, which he brought. The Lovers eat and drank a little, after which they sat down again upon the Sofa: *Schemselnihar* ask'd the Jeweller if he had a Lute, or any other Instrument :

ment: The Jeweller, who took care to provide all that might please them, brought her a Lute; She took some time to tune it and then played.

Scheherazade stopt because she saw Day begin to appear, and next Night went on thus.

CCIII Night.

WHILE *Schemselnihar* was charming the P. of *Persia*, and expressing her Passion by Words composed *extempore*, a great Noise was heard: And immediately a Slave, which the Jeweller brought with him, appear'd all in a fright, and came to tell him that some People were breaking up the Gate; that he ask'd who it was, but instead of any Answer the Blows were redoubled. The Jeweller being alarm'd, left *Schemselnihar*, and the Prince to go to inform himself of the Truth of this bad News: There was already got into the Court a Company of Men arm'd with Bayonets and Cymiters, who had enter'd privily; and having broke up the Gate came straight toward him. He stood close to a Wall for fear of his Life, and saw ten of them pass without being perceiv'd by them; and finding he could give no great Help to the Prince of *Persia* and *Schemselnihar*, he satisfied himself with bewailing them, and so fled for Refuge to a Neighbour's House who was not yet gone to Bed; he did not doubt but this unexpected Violence was by the Califf's Order, who he thought had been inform'd of his Favourite's Meeting with the Prince of *Persia*. He heard a great Noise in his own House, which continued till Midnight: And when all was quiet, as he thought, he prayed his Neighbour to lend him

a-Cymiter; and being thus Armed went on till he came to the Gate of his own House: He enter'd the Court full of Fear, and perceived a Man who ask'd him who he was? he knew by his Voice that it was his own Slave: How didst thou do, says he, to avoid being taken by the Watch? Sir, answer'd the Slave, I hid my self in a Corner of the Court, and I went out so soon as I heard the Noise: But it was not the Watch who broke your House; they are Highway-men, who within these few Days rob'd another in this Neighbourhood: They have doubtless had Notice of the Rich Furniture you brought hither, and had that in their View.

The Jeweller thought his Slave's Conjecture probable enough: He visited the House, and saw that the Highway-men had taken all the Furniture out of the Chamber where he received *Schemselnihar* and her Lover; that they had also carried off the Vessels of Gold and Silver, and, in a word, had left nothing. Being in this Condition, O Heaven! cries he, I am irrecoverably undone! What will my Friends say, and what Excuse can I make, when I shall tell them that the Highway-men have broke my House, and rob'd me of all that they generously lent me? I shall never be able to make up their Loss: Besides, What's become of *Schemselnihar* and the Prince of *Persia*? This Business will be so publick, that it's impossible but it must reach the Califf's Ears. He will get Notice of this Meeting, and I shall fall a Sacrifice to his Fury. The Slave, who lov'd him, endeavour'd to comfort him thus: As to *Schemselnihar*, says he, the Highway-men probably would content themselves to strip her, and you have reason to think that she is retired to her Palace with her Slaves:

The

The Prince of *Persia* is probably in the same Condition, so that you have reason to hope that the Califf will never know this Adventure. As for the loss your Friends have sustain'd, that's a Misfortune that you could not avoid. They know very well the Highway-men to be so numerous that they have not only pillag'd the House I have already spoken of, but many other Houses of the principal Noblemen of the Court: And they are not Ignorant that notwithstanding the Orders given to apprehend them, no Body has yet been able to seize any of them. You will be acquitted by restoring your Friends the Value of the things that are stol'n, and, blessed be God, you have enough left.

Waiting till Day, the Jeweller ordered the Slave to mend the Gate of the House which was broke up, as well as he could: After which he returned to his ordinary House with his Slave, making sad Reflections upon what had befalln him. *Ebn Thaber*, says he to himself, has been wiser than I, he foresaw the Misfortune into which I have blindly thrown my self; would to God I had never meddled in this Intrigue, which I fear will cost me my Life.

It was scarce Day when the report of the Robbery, spread thro' the City, and there came to his House a great many of his Friends and Neighbours, to testifie their grief for his misfortune, but were curious to know the particulars. He thank'd them for their Affection, and was so much the better satisfy'd, that he heard no Body speak of *Schemselnibar* or the Prince of *Persia*, which made him believe they were at their Houses, or in some secure Place.

When the Jeweller was alone, his Servants brought him something to eat, but he could not eat

eata-bit. About Noon one of his Slaves came to tell him, there was a Man at the Gate, whom he knew not, that desired to speak with him. The Jeweller not willing to receive a Stranger into his House, rose up, and went to speak with him. Tho' you don't know me, says the Man, yet I know you, and I am come to discourse you about an important Affair. The Jeweller prayed him to come in. No, answered the Stranger, if you please, rather take the trouble to go with me to your other House. How know you, replied the Jeweller, that I have another House. I know well enough, answered the Stranger, follow me, and don't fear any thing, I have something to communicate to you, which will please you. The Jeweller went immediately with him, and after he had considered by the-way, how the House they were going to was rob'd, he said to him that it was not fit to receive him.

When they were before the House, and the Stranger saw the Gate half broke down, says he to the Jeweller, I see you have told me the Truth, I will carry you to a place which will be more convenient. When he had said this, he went on, and walk'd all the rest of the Day, without stopping. The Jeweller being weary with walking, vexed to see Night approach, and that the Stranger had walked all Day without acquainting him where he was going, began to lose his Patience. Then they came to a Path which led them to the *Tigris*, and as soon as they came to the River, they embark'd in a little Boat, and went over. Then the Stranger led the Jeweller through a long Street, where he had never been before, and after he had brought him through I know not how many By-streets, he
stopt

stopt at a Gate, which he opened. He caused the Jeweller to go in, and then he shut and bolted the Gate, with a huge Iron Bolt, and conducted him to a Chamber, where there were ten other Men, all of them as great Strangers to the Jeweller, as he that brought him thither.

These Ten Men received the Jeweller without many Compliments. They bad him sit down of which he had great need, for he was not only out of Breath with walking so far, but the Fear he was in, to find himself with People whom he thought he had reason to dread, would have disabled him to stand. They waited for their Leader to go to Supper, and as soon as he came, it was served up. They washed their Hands, obliged the Jeweller to do the like, and to sit at Table with them. After Supper, the Men ask'd him, if he knew whom he spoke to? He answered No, and that he knew not the Place he was in. Tell us your last Nights Adventure, said they to him, and conceal nothing from us. The Jeweller being astonish'd at this Discourse, answered, Gentlemen, it's probable you know it already: That's true, replied they, the young Man and the young Lady who were at your House Yesterday, told it us, but we would know it from your own Mouth. The Jeweller needed no more to inform him that he spoke to the Highway Men, who had broke up and plundered his House. Gentlemen, says he, I am much troubled for that young Man and the Lady, can you tell me any thing of them?

Scheherazade broke off here, to give notice to the Sultan of the *Indies* that Day appear'd, and next Night resumed her Discourse thus.

The End of the Fifth Tome.

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